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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1 1956 VOLUME 69 NUMBER 18

Editorial

What's so smart about marathons?

The marathon season is drawing to a close and about time, we say. Perhaps this summer was no sillier than most, but it seemed pretty wacky while it lasted. Take the following incidents, all of which took place in the month of July:

A man swam across Lake Erie while handcuffed.

A housewife tried to swim across the Strait of Juan de Fuca and as a result was sent to hospital hysterical, blind and half paralyzed.

A brewery, which shouldn't be expected to have much interest in fresh water, announced it would sponsor a marathon swim across Lake Ontario.

The Toronto City Council, which had previously honored Sir Ernest MacMillan with a silver tray, impetuously gave a thousand-dollar cheque to a successful long-distance swimmer.

Oh—and did we forget to mention the man in North Bay who played the piano for seventy-two hours until his doctor ordered him to stop?

Call us spoilsports if you like, but we've had about enough of endurance contests, whether they involve swimmers, pianists or rocking-chair experts. The very idea of a "marathon" would have revolted the ancient Greeks who provided these contests with a name. The original marathon was no contest but a dramatic twenty-two mile dash by a Greek warrior who brought news of a great victory to the city of Athens and then died of exhaustion.

The classical world held no "marathon" races, nor did anybody else until 1896. The longest foot race recorded in ancient Greece was less than three miles — a distance in which style is much more important than in today's endurance races, for the Greeks believed in quality rather than quantity.

They believed it was better that a man be able to do several things well rather than one thing superlatively. Every gentleman, said Aristotle, should be able to play the flute—but not too well; he should have time for other useful pursuits. Politicians ought to be able to swim a mile, but not necessarily twenty miles; discus throwers ought also to be poets.

There is, in our opinion, a good deal to be said for this view of the "whole" life. The world today worships the specialist, a person whom the ancients would have considered a remarkably clever freak. This trend, alas, shows little sign of abating.

The time will come, we suppose, when somebody will breast Juan de Fuca blindfolded and in chains, while somebody else thrashes across Lake Ontario wearing calk boots and a pith helmet. City councils no doubt will continue to vote them sums of money. And the rest of us, flabby and sedentary, unable to swim more than a hundred yards (with or without handcuffs), will applaud vicariously and congratulate ourselves that another high point in human progress has been achieved.

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An artist's worst moment

Artist John Little likes the Montreal Alouettes. Imagine his chagrin when we asked him to show his favorite losing to Edmonton in the 1955 Grey Cup final. Scanning his chits he showed the Alouettes at their worst — chasing Normie Kwong.

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FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

EVA-LIS WUORIO SAYS

Men are too much trouble to marry!

A tender old friend has drawn to my attention two hints calculated somehow, he feels, One is that this year is Leap Year and the other is that I am to quote from his friendly missive, "a slightly ageing spinster unquote. He ends his charming note with an airy "So why not? Why don't you propose? In four more years it might be too late!"

You can see what it is about men? That thoughtfulness, that heartiness, that disarming ingenuity that I find making desire to be helpful. It really warms your heart how they talk to you.

(I think Sir Walter Raleigh was a myth.)

When I was still very young in Finland I had five cousins. They were all boys. We were about the same age all of us. All through the week we fought and on Sundays they fought to see who could sit next to me in church. Even during those years between five and eleven I found this behavior somewhat illogical. When I was seven and a half I already knew the saga: secret that to get your own way with men, in short pain or long, you can't use logic. They refuse to subscribe to logic themselves and as far as they are concerned logical woman does not exist. If you have a logical mind, to achieve the illusion of illogic if such a word exists is far more strenuous on the intellect but it works, unless the man gets to know you too well. Then he'll say shaking his finger, head or pipe "Aha, you can't fool me. I know what you are after."

No. 1 danger of marriage. I'll know you too well. How can you get your own way that way?



A Canadian writer born in Finland, Eva-Lis Wuorio now lives in Andorra, a fairy tale state in the Pyrenees.

"Why didn't I get married?"

When I was nineteen I started to work for a newspaper. Newspapers are staffed by men. That is they were when I was nineteen. For all I know women have got their rights by now. These men who took themselves extremely seriously did not hesitate to let me know heavily thoughtfully and disarmingly that girls on newspapers were useless, unnecessary, inept, inefficient, incompetent, superfluous, spoilsports, always in the way and only a whim of the editor if not worse.

The things I used to put up with in those formative years with my so maturing mind maturing rapidly make such remarks as an ageing spinster seem like a tenderness. I am sure marks of those years on my character are ineradicable. I was kept hourly informed that I did nothing right, had a phony accent (I'm sorta deaf) couldn't write and shouldn't expect to when there were men around, used unfair female wiles on the interviewees, dressed too severely or too flossily, should learn to spell and why didn't I get married? All this information and advice I mostly received over a glass of beer for which I was made to pay, not for the glass but the round while I was earning $11.50 a week and supporting the Finnish war effort.

To top this sometimes I was expected to cover their assignments while they were getting over hangovers or had an "important appointment" elsewhere. "Just leave the notes for me," they'd say. "Can't think you to write the story but you can buy me a beer when I get back."

Sometimes I'd come from a fire assignment and find those male colleagues under the desk. Until I learned better I used to phone their wives to come and see them safely home. I thought this was the humane thing to do but the wives would arrive with an axe (for me) and wouldn't believe I'd not been aiding and abetting the debauchery until they read my dreary copy about the Board of Education meeting and checked it for corroboration in the nearly odorless of the morning paper. Also the next morning I'd get hell from the men I thought I'd been succoring.

Somehow all this didn't add up to the glamour and security I naively thought was synonymous with men. At least all the color advertisements for new roofing on modern houses, or files for a redoan bathroom, leopard covers for the car seat or a diamond trinket always pictured a glamorous secure man giving these little items to the girl. Me, I'd had fifty cents left by Saturday, they'd borrow it from me and later

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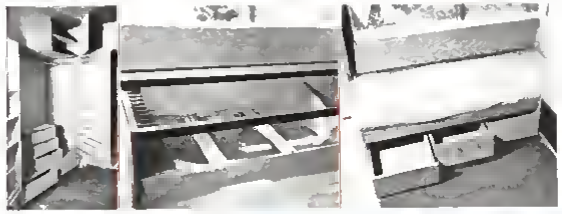
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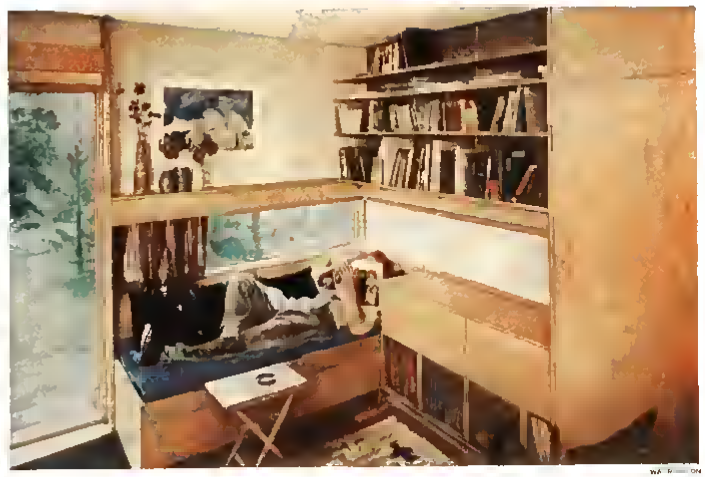


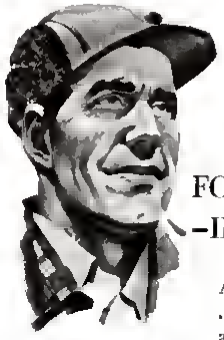
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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Bax has a whirl at roulette

"Visibility is good," said the French pilot. "We shall arrive at Deauville in one hour and one quarter. After the take-off tea will be served. *Merci.*"

The setting was the London Airport and the passengers consisted of ten British members of parliament and their wives. We were off to spend the week end in sporting



Monsieur André planned a gala dinner at his casino in Deauville for the holidaying British MPs

contests with members of the French parliament coming from Paris. One plane carried the golfers and a second plane would bring the lawn-tennis players. The yachtsmen MPs were naturally traveling by water in their own boats.

Monsieur André, a man of elegance and dignity is the owner of the casino at Deauville and the casino owns practically all the hotels in the famous old Normandy town. But Monsieur André is not interested merely in the money of the gamblers.

For example on this particular week end he had arranged for an aviation rally. Thus many of the pilots most famous airmen and airplane manufacturers had come to add to the good companionship in which we politicians were taking part.

On the Friday night of our arrival we were invited to a gala dinner at the casino at ten o'clock and when Monsieur André says a gala dinner he means it. Elegant uniformed waiters served the best wines of France—which means the best wines in the world. Vaudeville performers and dancers had been brought from the Paris theatres for our pleasure and an excellent orchestra stimulated conversation at the tables.

When the dinner ended toward midnight we went to the playing rooms of the casino to chance our luck at *chemin de fer*, *baccarat* roulette and *trente et quarante*. As we had to be at our best for the next day's sporting contests our group went home early to bed. In other words we left at about three a.m.

Just to complete the social side of our stay let me put on record that Monsieur André gave a gala dinner on Saturday and Sunday nights as well, and they seemed to grow in size and splendor.

For example at about midnight on Sunday night the lights went out and suddenly through the great windows we saw a shower of lighted stars falling from the sky. There must have been thousands of them as though we were celebrating the marriage of Cinderella and her prince.

Only one more event on the social side and we shall move to sinister things. There was a reception at the mayor's house where we met the French *Deputés* and their wives. The mayor has held that office for six years. And why not? If you have a good mayor why get rid of him?

Appropriately we golfers and

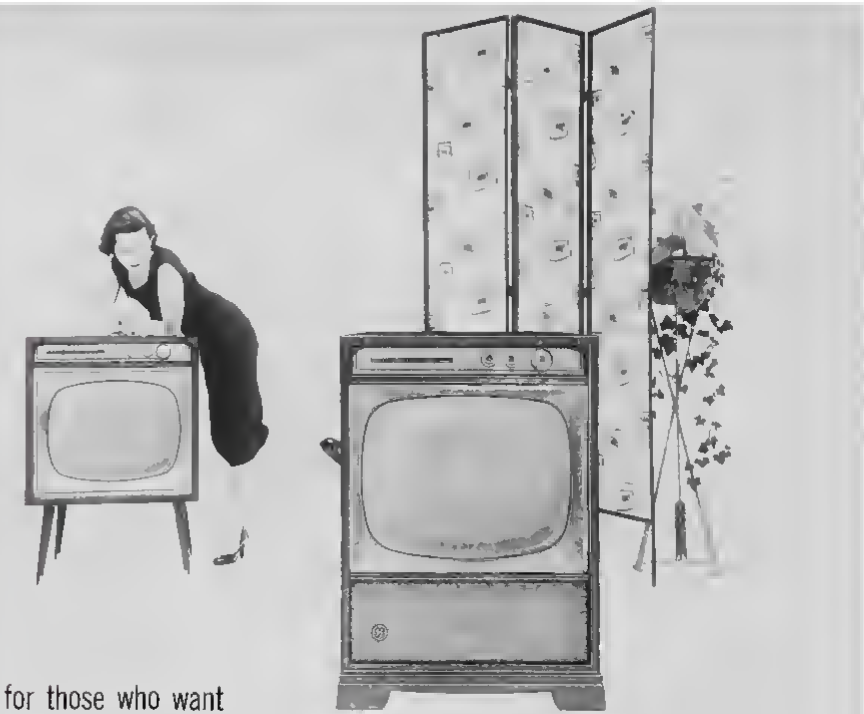


After a morning at Deauville's beach the British MP sportsmen took a licking from their hosts

our wives stayed at the elegant Golf Hotel which is right by the course. From our balcony we could look across the fields and hills to the sea. Lovely France.

Then items in living memory she has been invaded by the Germans, but when the invader has gone this most beautiful of all countries rises from the shadows and is herself again. France is no longer a great military power and her parliament reflects the confusion of her

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Cartoon by Gousick

If this unlikely pair couldn't throw St. Laurent, they'd shake him up

Could a CCF-Tory team take Ottawa?

Does the CCF still regard the Liberals as the lesser of two evils and the Conservatives as the greater? Or have most CCF voters begun to feel that it's time to defeat the Grits, even if a Tory Government replaces them?

This is a question raised but not answered by the past session of parliament. It may turn out to be of critical importance in the coming general election.

At the height of the pipeline battle when Conservative and CCF members were fighting side by side to block the Liberal bill they were friendlier with each other and angrier with the government than they had been for years. Especially when they were attacking the Liberals' use of the closure rule to cut off debate, CCF members would stamp out of the chamber into the opposition lobby and growl to their Conservative allies:

We've simply got to turn those people out.

Since then tempers have cooled. A majority of CCF members, including party leader M. J. Coldwell, believe that in spite of the recent hostilities they still have more in common with the Liberals than they have with the Conservatives. But although this is again the dominant opinion in the social group, it is no longer unanimous.

Late in the session two western MPs, one a Conservative and one CCF, sat down together to divide up the province of Manitoba. Of Manitoba's fourteen seats, seven are now Liberal, four CCF and three Conservative. The self-appointed strategists believe that with luck and a little co-operation this division can be altered to three or perhaps even two Liberal with the gains divided about equally between the two opposition parties.

Neither suggested that his party should promise to stay out of any riding, but they thought the strong candidates and the vigorous campaigns might be distributed with some mutual care. For instance the Conservative thought his party might be able to win Marquette from Justice Minister Stuart Garson, and one or two other Liberal seats as well, if the CCF were kind enough not to fight them hard too. In return the CCF would have the field pretty much to itself in say Springfield and St. Boniface and maybe Churchill.

The two conspirators took a lot for granted. Neither had any authority to speak for his party, and the CCFer at least is not likely to get it. Stanley Knowles, a power in the Manitoba CCF, is against the idea, so are Coldwell and most Saskatchewan MPs.

But although there will certainly be no national directive to the CCF in favor of such a deal, there will probably be no directive against it either. The CCF operates with a very high degree of local autonomy. Also, the voters themselves could achieve the same effect spon- continued on page 59



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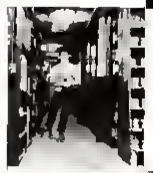
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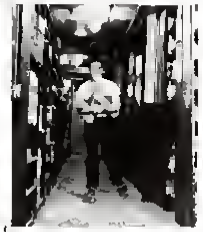
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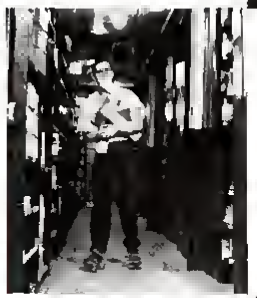
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Watch "What's My Line" on network TV. Sponsored by Remington Rand Limited, Electric Shaver Division.











* Moving sidewalks
* Coie mschiees that cure hsngovers
* Rsdiosctive store detectives
* Frozen cigsrs snd shell-less eggs
* Guided-missile delivery
* Robot ssles clerks

These are some of the surprises shesd ie

The revolution that's changing your shopping habits

By Peter C. Newmse PHOTOS BY HORST EHRICHT

An angry Ottawa housewife, brandishing a twenty-nine-cent jar of marmalade, elbowed her way through the afternoon shopping crowd at IGA's Rideau Street Ottawa supermarket on a recent Friday and accused the store manager of deliberately trying to swindle her. Why, she demanded, "don't you sell this for thirty cents?"

The confused housewife was another victim of retailing's ultimate weapon, the S·bomb, or trading stamp, the most controversial of the many decoys being used to lure shoppers into spending more money. The extra penny would have given her three instead of two trading stamps, bringing her another notch closer to her goal of trading nine thousand stamps for a free toaster.

Her confusion was a symptom of the current upheaval in Canada's retail trade. No segment of this country's economy is in greater ferment than the fourteen-billion dollar business of moving goods between manufacturer and consumer, which employs three quarters of a million Canadians—more than any other industry except agriculture—and affects everyone.

Canadian merchandising has reached such a pitch that the Retail Merchants Association has asked the federal and provincial governments to set up departments of retailing in charge of crown ministers.

Across the country retailers have been slugging it out for the shopper's dollar with "price riots" and sale-o-ramas advertised by such imaginative but meaningless phrases as "goods at almost less than half of registered value" and "merchandise at below sub zero prices."

In Winnipeg home furnisher Genser & Sons promised to cancel outstanding accounts if the buyer died before completing his payments. In Victoria Humber Bros. sold chesterfields at ninety-eight cents a pound. In Timmins in northern Ontario an appliance dealer offered to cut up any deer or elk for freezer purchasers. In Montreal Jean Hebert demonstrated his store's line of washing machines by inviting housewives to bring in their laundry; he supplied the soap. In Saint John, Midtown Appliances handed out used cars with every refrigerator sale. In Ottawa the Steinberg grocery chain gave away dollar certificates redeemable on every ten-dollar purchase, but Loblaw's smugly foiled the plan by urging customers to use their Steinberg coupons to buy Loblaw groceries. In Toronto Honest Ed, a florid Toronto bargain-house operator, advertised jeweled antimagnetic

* Clerks ce skstes

Barrelling through stock room, clerk on skates fills an order in seconds at Canadian Tire in Toronto.

Story continues overleaf



Milk from a slot machine

Milk and tea are sold through coin machines at a gas station outside Ottawa. Other mechanical Canadian vendors now sell tennis balls, perfume and insurance



Tools from a jewelry store

Everything from power tools to golf clubs are sold at Kerns Jewelry in Toronto —indicative of a growing scramble by stores for the one-stop-shopping dollar



Square eggs from a hen?

Shell-less eggs, soon on sale in Canada, are each wrapped in polyethylene bags to stop breakage, extend freshness. They're opened like a cigarette package



Stamps at a supermarket

Ottawa's IGA stores have boosted sales and handed competitors a headache by giving stamps with purchases which can be traded in for blankets, watches, lighters

These pictures show some of the topsy-turvy trends produced by the frenzied battle for the consumer's dollar. Slot machines, gimmick packaging and premiums are used to grab a share of $14 billion a year

The revolution that's changing your shopping habits continued

Swiss wrist watches for an eye-catching $3.99.

This frenzied approach to selling is testimony to the inadequacy of current retailing practices. It heralds the end of the first postwar retailing revolution, which introduced Canadians to self-service prepackaging, the shopping centre and the discount house (which cuts prices by reducing frills and services).

While most Canadians haven't noticed it yet, a second and momentous retailing revolution is now under way. Interviews with this country's leading retailing experts indicate that what's happened so far is just a pale forerunner of the drastic changes due in retailing during the next few decades. Here are some of their forecasts:

You'll do most of your shopping at night, carried along on moving store aisles. Gas stations will sell flour and cod liver oil. Television will transform today's parking lots into tomorrow's stores. Retailers will try to increase their sales by exciting your nose with synthetic odors. You'll be able to buy shell-less eggs. And the 1980 counterpart of the friendly grocery clerk who used to slip junior an extra cookie may be an impassive robot.

This new revolution—already gathering momentum in Canada—will be part of the second industrial revolution, which is bringing automation to the factory. The shopper will get more value per dollar because the benefits of new automatic manufacturing procedures will be passed on by the ruthless trimming of distribution costs through the evolution of self-service.

Because they represent a logical climax of the self-service merchandising philosophy, yesterday's nickel bandits will become tomorrow's most popular salesmen. Roadside clusters of vending machines, mounted at driver level, will sell everything from live bait to hangover cures.

There are already more than twenty thousand vendors in Canada, swallowing an estimated annual twenty-five million dollars and spewing out cigarettes, candy, tennis balls and hard-boiled eggs. Canadians can also drop coins to be sprayed with perfume or buy life insurance.

While automatic merchandising is still held back by the inability of the robots to cope with paper currency, more and more vendors will constantly be introduced to extract change from Canadians. The basic idea for most of the new machines will probably cross here from the U.S., where the robots have already become an accepted sales medium. Close to four million American vendors will this year gulp more than two billion dollars.

The most talkative robot salesmen are the cigarette machines recently introduced in New York subway stations. Their voice,"—a battery-operated miniature recorder — shouts: "I don't run short, better buy two packs while you're here!" New York also has a "pamper house" equipped with fourteen self-operated massage machines for ladies whose glamour has been tarnished by workday hardships."

At Arlington, Calif., a farmer's hens are scurrying to keep his egg vender filled. It sells thirty-six thousand dozen eggs a month. A Maine fisherman operates a five-minnow-dispensing machine for baitless fishermen. A new unit being made in Ohio vends children's balloons, blows them up and seals them. A similar machine promises a guaranteed hangover cure by giving its droopy customer a ten-second whiff of pure oxygen.

A suggestion to institute divorce machines has been placed before the Nevada legislature. Divorce-seekers reaching the state would insert a special key into the contraption for forty-two consecutive days—the statutory divorce period. On the last day the applicant would also feed in two hundred silver dollars. With the blare of appropriate music, out would pop a neatly packaged divorce decree. While Canada is hardly likely to see slot-machine divorces, other developments will keep vending machines digesting a growing diet of Canadian dollars.

Future retailing will probably be dominated by armory-size supermarkets combining more and more drug, hardware and clothing lines with their groceries. But griddle cakes and girdles won't be sold in the same setting. Sound, smells, colors, fixtures, and different lighting intensities will give the effect of divided specialty shops for each department.

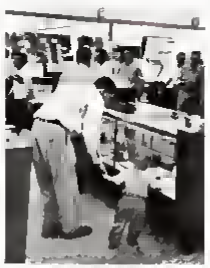
The secret weapon of tomorrow's retailing will be hidden aerosols puffing out tantalizing odors designed to stimulate the housewife's shopping impulses. Just as she continued on page 57



From front door to cashier's desk, the new-style shopper helps himself



He starts on tour of the Canadian Tire store in Toronto. First directions



Next he examines the merchandise all priced, described, code numbered



He decides on what he wants, takes a card with corresponding number



Carrying cards for the goods he wants, shopper now heads for the cashier



His cards are put through a machine which makes three copies —for customer, files and stock room where order is filled



While stock room boys on skates (see page 11) quickly make up order, shopper walks to pickup desk where his parcel waits.

This is the Edmonton split T as artist John Little sees it in action against Montreal Alouettes. Quarterback Jackie Parker (left centre) has taken the ball from centre and slides to his right led by blockers (in their order of proximity to Parker) Normie Kwong, Johnny Bright and Rollie Miles. Montreal's Doug McNichol (74) is about to be blocked by Earl Lindley. Montreal linemen Tex Coulter (60) and Tom Hugo (48) are also being impeded, clearing a path for Parker, who can continue to run with the ball or pass it to an Edmonton player racing downfield.



Will they ever beat the Eskimos?

With their baffling split-T the Eskimos of Edmonton have won the national title twice in a row. The task they pose is not to stop them but to find the ball



Deception: In Vancouver's Empire Stadium Alouettes bring down one Eskimo while another runs with ball

What makes the split-T hard to stop

Speed: Past the Montreal line Normie Kwong quickly shifts away from a tackler and races down the field



By Trent Frayne ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LITTLE

Freddie Black, a Toronto Argonaut lineman chock full of muscles, once related that the most enraged day he'd ever spent on the football field was in an exhibition game against the Edmonton Eskimos in the early fall of 1955.

"I made nineteen tackles," Black recalled with mixed pride and dismay, "but not once did I get the guy with the ball."

Black's experience was one of the end products of a new device by which the Eskimos have become the most successful football team in the country and the only western club ever to win the Grey Cup two years in a row. They've developed an attack so deceptive that the enemy often can't see the ball, much less get hold of it. In the words of Al Sherman, the oft-distressed young coach of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, "They give you fits with their ball control."

"The more they have it, the less you get it," expands Sherman, who has been trying for two years to find ways of beating the precise Edmontons in the Western Conference. "It comes down to the corny old saying: you can't score if you don't have the ball."

The secret behind these exasperating habits, besides good coaching and good football players, is a formation called the split T, held by many professional coaches to be too demanding of the quarterback to be practicable and by some team managers to be too dull and methodical to be good business at the box office. The Eskimos, impervious to its detractors, have used it to rip up eastern Canada's lease on the national championship, and undertake a reign of terror of their own.

From 1942 through 1953 the western champion had won the annual east-west final only once. Even in 1954, when a macaroni-legged halfback named Jackie Parker picked up a fumble and steamed ninety-six yards with the touchdown that meant a 26-25 edge for Edmonton over the Montreal Alouettes, there were eastern pundits who felt the result merely proved that there was a law of averages.

But last year, before the greatest throng ever to see a football game in Canada, *it rarely the* football—39,417 in Vancouver's Empire Stadium—the Eskimos illustrated that they have now perfected their violent version of the shell game. This time the victory was as convincing as a punch in the nose, and once again Edmonton's victims were the Alouettes, by far the most accomplished team in the east last season and by all odds the most confused by the time the Eskimos had finished proving that the handoff is quicker than the eye. Long before their 34-19 victory had been consummated it was apparent that the trick of playing with an invisible football was the best western weapon since the invention of Fritz Hanson, a yellow-haired will-o'-the-wisp who inspired the west's first victory exactly twenty years before the Eskimo avalanche.

The instrument by which all of this has been achieved, the split T—or, for the benefit of purists, a variation of the split T—is only one of the dozens of football systems and modified systems that fill the heads of football coaches. The split-T differs from most in the manner in which the linemen align themselves before the ball is snapped and in the movements of the quarterback as the play unfolds. When the team comes out of a huddle and prepares to run a play, the linemen do not crouch shoulder to shoulder, as in most systems, but spread, or split, anywhere from one to four feet apart. The defense must spread, too, in order to hold off the ensuing charge. This obviously opens holes through which halfbacks can dive and fullbacks can charge and the quarterback can occasionally sneak. The advantage of this system is that linemen need only sustain the holes, not open them. Often a smaller man can do this job against a behemoth opposite him.

"I haven't got the ball!"

In last year's Grey Cup game, for example, a comparative shrimp like 215-pound Dale Meinert of Edmonton had no trouble containing the 260-pound leader of the Alouette line, Tex Coulter; he didn't have to knock Coulter down to create a hole for his backs to hammer through, he needed only to hold him off long enough for the backs to squirt past, since the hole was already there.

In this system, if the defense refuses to open up when the offensive linemen split their wide, running plays have increased chances of success.

Although the split T probably derived its name from the split line, the most important difference between it and other formations is the path of the quarterback. Once he has taken the ball from the centre, a split-T quarterback drifts up and down the line, parallel to and just behind his line of scrimmage. He can hand the ball off to backs charging past him into the line, or flip it to a back running wide, or burst through the line with it himself, or pass it; and of course on every play he goes through the motions of doing all four of these things. He can do them either by moving to his left down the line of scrimmage or to his right, while making his fakes.

A quarterback must be a sleight-of-hand genius to fool the defense into thinking he's doing one thing with the ball when actually he's doing another, and the backs must be equally deceptive in making the defense think they have accepted the ball and are running with it. Once in the 1954 Grey Cup game Normie Kwong, the Edmonton fullback, dived through the line after brushing past Edmonton's quarterback, Bernie Faloney, and apparently taking a handoff from him. Kwong was grabbed by Montreal's Coulter and an official standing over them was just about to blow his whistle to indicate the play was over.

"Don't blow it! Don't blow it!" shrieked Kwong at the official. "I haven't got the ball!"

Across the field, quarterback Faloney was flipping the ball to Jackie Parker, running wide, and Parker was starting to tightrope down the sideline.

In 1955 the Edmonton offense grew even more deceptive when the tall and solemn Eskimo coach, Frank Ivy, shifted Parker from halfback to quarterback. Parker is a flaxen-haired pigeon-toed graduate of Mississippi State, a split-T school at which he illustrated his dedication to football in a manner never demonstrated before or since.

Parker was unable to get an athletic scholarship at any of the colleges in the Southeastern Conference because he was married, so, with an opportunity to get into football at Mississippi State, he and his wife Peggy Jo decided to get a divorce. They'd been married when Parker was sixteen, and at the time of the divorce they were childless. A year later he became the country's leading scorer and married the girl all over again. Now, at the ripe old age of twenty-four, the amiable Parker has had one wife, two marriages, a divorce and seven years of matrimony during the last eight years. People who have opposed him in football feel he is unique on the gridiron as well.

The man indirectly responsible for the trouble that Jackie and the split T have been heaping on rivals is Frank Filchock. Filchock, who has been in Canadian football for ten years, is a peripatetic American who landed in Edmonton in 1951 after sojourns in continued on page 38

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 1, 1956



My husband Rev Gordon Phillips, drops in for a chat with the choir I'm training at St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary. He's been the Protestant chaplain here two years

We adopted a family of criminals



The Phillips outside St Vincent de Paul

"It happened to us"

This is another of the new series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For publishable stories Maclean's will pay the regular article rates.

By Bluebell Stewart Phillips

"If I could only help them more," my husband said at sight of the moral wreckage from Montreal prisons. On a chaplain's meager pay we took in prostitutes, murderers and gunmen, and rejoiced when they went straight

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV

I suppose that what happened to us was the miracle in our lives — my husband, the Reverend Gordon Phillips. He is a big handsome man, witty, fond of a joke and he frequently lapses into the language he used as a teen-age private in the Black Watch during World War I. He worked his way through college at a variety of jobs—wrestling, cooking, selling, working in a brass foundry. He added cowpunching to his job as a missionary in northern Saskatchewan.

In 1921, he offered himself as a candidate for the Anglican ministry and entered McGill. During the next year he was made student-assistant to the chaplain of the Montreal prison. In 1923 he interrupted his studies to become a catechist in the Diocese of Saskatchewan and there assisted the chaplain of the prison at Prince Albert. During his years as a parish priest, from his ordination in Montreal in 1929, he was acting chaplain at various county prisons in Quebec. So when the bishop offered him the chaplaincy at the Montreal prison in 1944, it seemed to him just the kind of work he was prepared for.

Gordona, our elder daughter, was fourteen, Stewart, our son, was eleven, and Kathleen, our youngest, was nine when we moved out of our attractive seven-room rectory in a suburban parish to start our prison work in a five-room basement apartment in Notre Dame de Grâce an hour and a half's streetcar ride from either Bordeaux or Fullum, the two divisions of the Montreal prison. Bordeaux, the men's section, is on the north shore of the island in the same building as the Hospital for the Insane, and Fullum, the women's section, is on Fullum Street in Montreal East.

The children were accustomed to the freedom of a house, to windows that looked out on trees and lawns, and at first the confinement of the apartment was trying to them. But they were caught up in the excitement of their father's work. In the next decade they were to meet hundreds of convicts and ex-cons, and to learn that criminals are people who, while they have made mistakes, are basically the same as other people. They made friends with the prisoners, collected magazines for them, and my daughters even spent money they earned baby sitting to buy cigarettes for alcoholics and prostitutes. At times we were to have as many as five ex-cons sharing our apartment with us. Altogether we boarded seventy-two. One a psychopath, tried to strangle me. We were never without some emergency, some problem. But the most constant one was financial.

We were soon to find that a hundred and forty-seven dollars a month—my husband's take-home pay—would not go very far when rent, light, phone and streetcar fare were taken out of it. But I got a position as supply teacher with the Montreal school board, and as I was already on the staff of the Sir George Williams Evening High School, teaching English two hours a week, we thought we could make out all right. The trouble was that my salary from teaching was a fluctuating and not a constant one.

My husband is the sort of person who cannot abide waste. Pieces of string, rusty bolts, old iron cords, parts of broken chairs are never thrown away if he is around. It was inevitable then, that the terrible waste in human values should disturb him. He believed—perhaps most people would think strangely for a clergyman—that a chaplain's personal work with inmates should be completed but not begun with prayer.

"You can't push a man at God when his emotions are jammed, when he's upset about his situation or about his wife and family," he contends. "When a man's in a high fever, you don't start preaching at him, you get a doctor. The parallel's there. And it goes further: a sick man is confined until he's well, and if he needs convalescent care, he gets that. The socially sick require and deserve the same treatment.

But they didn't get it. Prison was a place where men "paid their debts to society." It was not, as my husband believed it should be, a hospital where the socially maladjusted could be rehabilitated. Boys and men, first offenders and repeaters, sex criminals, con artists, prowlers and hold-up men received the same treatment, served their sentences and were thrust back upon an unwilling society.

Our home was miles from either Bordeaux or Fullum, but we lived in prison. Our conversation revolved around this or that prisoner, their wives, sweethearts and parents visited my husband, and many of the prisoners came to our home for help and guidance upon their release. I had been granted permission to play the organ for the church services and to train the choir in Bordeaux, so that involved me.



Personal problems must be got at first, says my husband; prayers come later. "You can't push a man at God," he insists, "when emotions are jammed."

House became a "secondhand shop"

The prison library was inadequate, so my husband set out to fill the shelves with interesting material—which we did by begging from anyone who would listen to us. My husband promised the children in the neighborhood a cent for every three magazines they could get us. They were so successful that we had to reduce the price to a cent for ten. At one time we had almost a thousand magazines piled up on the living-room floor!

Prisons, unlike penitentiaries, are not responsible for clothing a man when he is discharged. If he should be arrested in July wearing a sweat shirt and a pair of flannel trousers, that is what he'll wear when he is released, even though it be midwinter, unless he has someone to provide him with suitable apparel. And until eight or nine years ago the same was true of the women at Fullum Street. My husband, and sometimes I, gave talks at church and other groups and asked for used clothing. Before long our house resembled a secondhand shop. What we started, snowballed; churches, the Women's Council and interested individuals now send clothing to the matrons at Fullum Street who in turn pass it along to the girls to remake, wash and iron, so they will have something reasonable to wear when the time comes for them to leave.

Our visitors were legion, and they brought with them that spice of excitement invariably connected with people who are different—whose way of life, method of thinking, conception of morals, attitude toward society are the extreme opposite to ours, but who, nevertheless, are people. That was the lesson we learned—that criminals are people forced by some inherent emotional maladjustment and/or by circumstances into antisocial behavior. I doubt if we ever thought of my husband's new parishioners as criminals who happened to be people. They were—they are—people who happened to be antisocial. Mostly, to us, they were troubled people.

Sometimes we were thrust into a state of momentary shock as one time when two young men came to see my husband when I was alone. They were presentable, well-dressed, pleasant young men. I expressed my regrets at my husband's absence, and offered them a cup of tea. While we were drinking our tea, one of them asked, "Do you remember me? I'm Ron Sherwin—at least that's the name I go by. I used to see you when you played the organ."

I remembered seeing him but had never spoken to him. I forget how it came about, but the fact that I did not know what his charge had been came to light.

"Didn't Mr. Phillips tell you about me?" he asked.

"He doesn't tell me what men are in for unless it is a case everybody knows about. He figures that if anyone wants me to know his business, he'll tell me himself, or send his wife around to do it."

Ron looked at his friend and shook his head. "The chaplain sure is a square shooter. I always knew he was. Well," and he eyed me sharply, "I was in on a murder rap. I beat it, though."

Years of living with the Reverend Gordon Phillips had taught me self-possession.

"Oh—I'm glad you beat it," I said.

Ron's last words were: "Tell the Rev. I just came in to thank him for all he done for me. I'll be back." We shook hands good-by, and that was the last time any of us saw Ron Sherwin. Within weeks he was murdered.

Among those implicated in his murder was a young man. He was innocent of the murder but involved in such a tangled way that he was fearful of both the police and his "gang." Yet, he felt he simply had to talk with my husband, and for weeks we lived in the midst of emotional crises. The telephone would ring, and a whispering voice would say: "It's me. I'm coming over. Fifteen minutes."

No name. Just those few words. We would wait in mounting anxiety until a single nervous peal sounded at our door.

Peter's first move when he slipped inside the door was to phone his wife. He always whispered, as though he would otherwise be heard; and he always acted as though our phone were tapped.

"I'm here," he'd whisper. "Don't worry."

He and my husband would go into the bedroom where my husband kept his desk. Peter talked in a soft whisper and conversation ceased when I would take in the tea. But when Peter left, he looked a little more relaxed, the blazing light in his eyes reduced.

"I'm leaving," he would whisper through the phone to his wife when a taxi arrived to take him home. "Fifteen minutes." And to us: "I'll phone."

Fifteen minutes later the phone would ring. "Safe," Peter's voice would whisper. That was all.

continued on page 52

In the Depression Thirties, when there was little to laugh about the comedians on radio convulsed a continent and made the radio in the parlor the centre of every family's life



JACK BENNY
With butler Rochester and wife Mary he stayed funnier longer than most



W. C. FIELDS DOROTHY LAMOUR CHARLIE McCARTHY EDGAR BERGEN
With his precocious piece of wood Bergen won more listeners than any ventriloquist before, and got laughs from guests too. Charlie swapped insults with Fields and among with Lamour



EDDIE CANTOR
He got his first break from Rudy Vallee then launched variety show that eclipsed Vallee's



JOE PENNER
Everybody mimicked "Wanna buy a duck?" but he wanted when listeners got sick of it



FRED ALLEN
He was a star for years with his dry wit zany nhanntcrs and a running feud with Benny



FRED ALLEN AND PORTIA FACE
They were such a hit on Canada's slow that they got their own and the enthused Cantor



BOB HOPE
His fast talking style was a novelty Scores copied it none as good as he

Remember when we raved about radio?

We panicked when a comic quipped, "Wanna buy a duck?," the gals swooned for Vallee, and a twelve-tube set made you a big shot. Here are the stars and shows that made history when brother couldn't spare a dime

BY HUGH GARNER

One Monday evening last winter close to sixty million people in North America glued their eyes to their TV screens to watch a ninety minute repeat performance of Peter Pan. It was the biggest entertainment phenomenon since—well, since radio.

Not that radio ever scored up that big an audience for a sponsored program but in its heyday between twenty and twenty-five years ago listening to radio was just as compulsive as watching TV today. Perhaps the only good thing spawned up by the Depression was the free entertainment radio afforded a generation that was broke. A song titled Brother, Can You Spare A Dime led the 1932 hit parade (a dime bought a hamburg *and* coffee that year). Some of the early programs may have been corny by today's sophisticated standards but they kept us from cutting paper dolls out of relief vouchers.

The radio set in a corner of the parlor became the centre of family life in a way not remotely approached by today's television set. The early post-crystal radios came in sizes from medium large to giant with console models the size of a deep freezer and mantel radios whose gothic lines encompassed as much fretwork as an Edwardian tie-rack. The number of tubes in your set decided your social position but whether you listened to a twelve-tube superheterodyne or a four tube mail order bargain the entertainment was the same. The farm family in the Peace River, the city dwellers in Montreal and the children of a Cape Breton fisherman were part of the same audience as the millionaire New Yorker in Beekman Place.

The Canadian radio listener in those days relied as does his TV counterpart today on the American networks for much of his entertainment. This was even more marked than now for Canada did not yet have a radio network of its own. The big names of radio as the big names of TV today broadcast from New York, Chicago and Hollywood.

Joe Penner, Ben Bernie and Kate Smith became household names and the opinions of news analysts H. V. Kaltenborn and Lowell Thomas were considered almost divine truth. "Ise ingrisin!" "Voss you dere, Charlie?" and "Wanna buy a duck?" suddenly became legitimate English phrases. "Who do you think you are, the Voice of Experience?" was an argument clincher in dinning rooms and lunch counters. A million

... With gimmicks, music and dialogue they hammered at the funny bone of millions and set the stage for TV's big variety programs, some of which they stayed to star on



PHIL BAKER
He taught comedians a new trick when he hired a heckler to razz him



ED WYNN
He was "The Perfect Fool" but he showed sponsors how comedy pays. He told listeners they could get free fire helmets from Texaco three million went right out and got one.



JIMMY DURANTE
With Vallee he was just a singing clown but he wound up with a show as big as Vallee's.



FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY
In real life they're Marian and Jim Jordan on radio at first they were Thin Smith Family As the McGees in the late Thirties they had more listeners than any other family show.



VIC AND SADE
Art Van Harvey and Bernardine Doherty lived sophisticated wit in place of the homely corn of most family shows and won top awards. Then they retired before they got stale.

STORY AND PICTURES CONTINUED ON NEXT TWO PAGES

To a generation of stay-at-homes these were radio's top personalities—singing and talking.



RUDY VALLEE

His sleepy ballads made girls hearts flutter, started a craze for crooning



AMOS 'N ANDY

Charles Correll and Freeman Gosden played 15th characters, mostly blackface, and made them so real that listeners sent gifts to favorites and grieved over broken romances.



MAJOR BOWES

He made a million a year on his talent show while the talent begged coffee money

would be crooners "boo-boo booed" like Bing Crosby while penniless delivery boys whistled through their teeth in imitation of Elmo Tanner whistling Heartaches with Ted Weems orchestra.

From New York and Chicago (and later Hollywood) radio entertainment gameshed most of the people of this continent and last night's programs became this morning's conversation piece in general store shipping (box and garage. Television's $64,000 Question is today's Wednesday-morning topic but do you remember the excitement following Madame Queen's breach-of-promise suit against Andy Brown the real life death of Madge of the Myrt and Marge show or the pretended insults that Jack Benny and Fred Allen threw at each other?

Ed Wynn "The Perfect Fool" once announced that cardboard fire helmets could be picked up free at the nearest Texaco gas station and three million people from Prince Rupert to Princeton N.J. dropped their jig-saw puzzles and rushed out and got one. Ireene Wicker "Kellogg's "Singing Lady" offered small books in exchange for her sponsor's package tops and package tops poured in at the rate of fourteen thousand a day. Major Edward Bowes a bigger personality in his day than Arthur Godfrey Hal Marsh and Sonny Fox rolled into one, appealed from his Inmotis amateur program for blood donors to save the life of twelve-year-old Stanley Walker at New York City Hospital. More than six hundred donors stormed the place causing traffic jams.

Radio in the Twenties had offered entertainment almost as an afterthought but with the beginning of the Depression in October 1929 it began to cater to an audience that was suddenly lost to the theatre night clubs and movies.

This new audience of stay-at-homes and the subsequent holding of many vaudeville circuits brought troops of ex vaudevillians to the radio stations to pick up eating money. Among the first of the variety acts to hit the networks was the man-and-wife team of Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson who appeared first in October 1929 on the CBS network sponsored by Blackstone Cigars. Wendell Hall "The Red Headed Music Maker" who had written a three million sale record "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo" in the early Twenties found himself famous all over again. These and many other fugitives from the footlights joined with Moran and Mack. The Two Black Crows

Though some are still at the top many dropped out of hearing with the coming of TV.



THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Marion Sayle Taylor got 75,000 letters a month from people plagued with problems



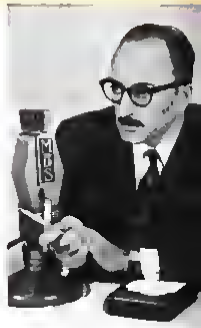
THE HUSING

At sports events, with Graham McNamee, he was one of radio's foremost reporters.



PAUL WHITEMAN

He gave scores of musical stars a start from singer Morton Downey to Judy Canova



MR. ANTHONY

A Dorothy Dix of radio he counseled people to punish their lost loves.

Potash and Perlmutter and other personalities of the Twenties as radio blossomed out.

In 1930 according to surveys seventy-four per cent of set owners used their sets on an average week day. Music hall minstrelsy and homey comedy were still the main lure.

Radio frenzy became as endemic as tooth decay. Every city and town in the country broke out in a rash of Radio cafes Radio theatres Radio hotels and Radio barbershops. The word television has yet to be widely used for commercial establishments but Winnipeg still has a firm of Radio Shoe Rebuilders. Montreal a Radio Tankers, and Toronto a Radio Inn.

A strange development began in 1929 and 1930. Long-hair music until then the preserve of the plutocrat and the highbrow could be heard by millions who hadn't known the difference between a fugue and a fudge sundae. By the middle of 1930 program sponsors began to sign up divas by the dozen. Metropolitan opera stars such as Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons and Rosa Ponselle became almost as well known in most households as the ballyhoo. When Jessica Dragonette had a finnnnnal hassle with her sponsor Palmolive Soap her fan clubs not only boycotted Palmolive products but also refused to tune in the stations she had appeared on.

The big networks waved contracts at symphony conductors everywhere. NBC and Cadillac captured Arturo Toscanini while the same network and Packard sponsored Dr. Walter Damrosch. CBS countered with a pitch to the medium long-hairs signing up Howard Barlow and his Musical Album, Bruno Walter and Nat Shilkret and Music That Satisfies. But no one before or after was quite so familiar or ubiquitous as Rudy Vallee.

Radio and Vallee hit their stride together. This curly-haired young man with the down-east accent and the downcast eyelids out-Liberaced his modern counterpart with the ladies and did it minus a candelabra. Vallee was the first of the crooners a term coined by some forgotten critic to separate this type of singer from the chesty vocalists who could throw their voices through a proscenium arch. His greeting of "Heigh ho everybody!" came with Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees band from New York's Heigh Ho Club. His theme song My Time Is Your Time was heard first on the NBC network on Oct. 24, 1929 sponsored by Fleischmann's Yeast and continued on page 46

. . . It was an era when song writers and singers filled the air with some of the loveliest songs and ballads ever written as well as such musical monstrosities as Flat Foot Floogee.



KATE SMITH

She made a fortune singing and had Kate Smith Inc. to keep it for her



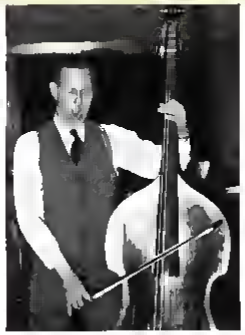
DONALD VORHEES AND FRANCES LANGFORD

Musician and singer they were among the innovators of the now popular hit parade and Vorhees for a time rivaled even such renowned bandsmen as Ben Bernie and Fred Waring.



BING CROSBY

A wart in his windpipe gave his songs a skip He boo booed when he forgot the words



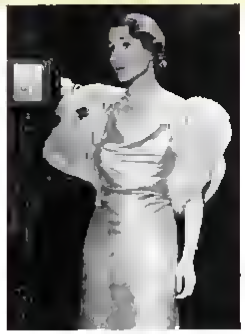
SINGIN SAM

Balladeers flocked to radio Sam the Barbasol Man launched the singing commercial



RUSS COLUMBO

He vied with Vallee for women's sighs they mourned when he died in a gun accident.



JESSICA DRAGONETTE

When this diva had a spat with sponsor her faithful fans boycotted his soap



THE STREET SINGER

Tenors like Arthur Tracy had brief heyday but baritones eclipsed them

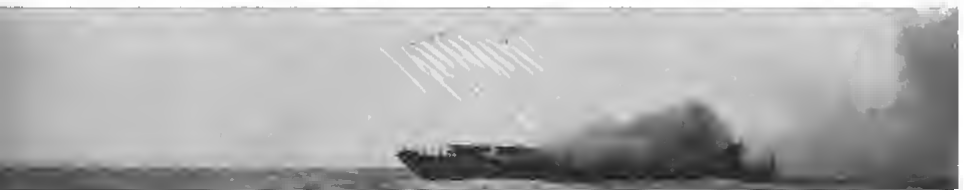


To calm the sea [illegible] Allies' Royal Navy [illegible] floated up the coast [illegible] Each then stopped at a fifteen-foot [illegible]



To scale the cliffs the Allies [illegible] Goodeve first [illegible] Here U.S. Rangers [illegible] in Omaha Beach

To smash the defenses the troops expected [illegible] blasts of rocket bombs fired from [illegible] covering the beaches



The secret war of Charles Goodeve



PART TWO: How they opened the door for D-day

Assaulting the Continent called for miracles of inventiveness.

Mulberry harbor was the most famous but there were many others, including a road that ran on water

By Gerald Pawle

The phone rang on the desk of Commander Charles Frederick Goodeve, RNVR, in his cluttered office in Admiralty Arch early one morning in February 1942. The caller was the famous physicist Sir Edward Appleton. "I wonder if you could find time to see a man named Hamilton," he said. "He's an extraordinary fellow — an inventor — and he's got a laboratory fitted up in a bombed wing of the Grosvenor Hotel. He's working on some ideas I think might interest you."

At that moment Goodeve didn't want to see anyone, especially another inventor. For the past hectic year the thirty-eight-year-old Canadian had been in effective control of one of the war's most secret and demanding organizations and within a few days he was leaving for the United States. With the resounding title of Deputy Director of the Royal Navy's Department of Miscellaneous Weapon Development, it was his job to sift the best scientific and inventive brains of the world for new weapons that would keep the Allies a step ahead in what Winston Churchill had dubbed the "wizard war." Not only that, his fledgling department had the sometimes more difficult task of convincing conservative Admiralty brass hats that some weird-looking and intricate gadget might shorten the war if granted official acceptance. Once an idea was accepted, Goodeve's third responsibility was to steer it into production through a maze of drawing boards, mockups, trials, modifications and industrial bottlenecks.

Inventor, cajoler, expediter, prophet and midwife—this son of a Winnipeg clergyman had to be some part of each. His success in this strange role is reflected by the brilliant achievements of the DMWD and of the associated scientists and collaborators with whom he was in constant touch. Success like the development of the Oerlikon gun, plastic armor, the Hedgehog mortar that killed fifty U-boats, the rocket firing landing craft, components of the Mulberry harbors, and the introduction of the Irogman. Goodeve's personal reward was a knighthood from George VI.

In the previous issue of Maclean's the story was told of the birth pangs of DMWD and of its early successes with revolutionary devices to fight off the Nazi bombers and U-boats—and to protect Britain from the threatened invasion. Now the emphasis was on new weapons to carry the fight to the enemy.

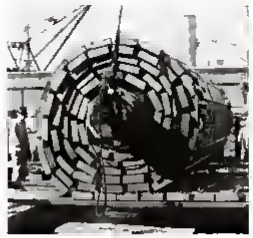
The phone call from Sir Edward Appleton was in its own way a turning point in the war. Like a pebble thrown into a pond, it set up ever-widening ripples that eventually washed ashore on the Normandy beaches on D-Day. It is probable that only Goodeve's admiration for the scientific genius of Appleton made him decide to squeeze time for a call on the inventor Ronald Hamilton into his frantic schedule before taking off for the U.S. Picking up an associate, he grabbed his cap and a taxi and set off for the Grosvenor.

When they asked for Hamilton at the reception desk they were shown upstairs and into a wing that ran out over part of the Victoria Station roof. Enemy bombing of the rail terminal had made it almost uninhabitable and as they pushed through the door into the long corridor they noticed plaster peeling from the walls. Over everything hung the musty odor of disuse and their footsteps echoed loudly on the bare boards of the floor.

From one of the suites of rooms leading off the corridor a man emerged and came forward to greet them. Shortish in height, with a good-looking sensitive face, he appeared to be in his middle forties. He carried his right arm stiffly and Goodeve noticed that he had a withered hand.

"I'm so glad you were able to come," he said as he led the way down the corridor. "I'd like you to see some of my

continued on page 30

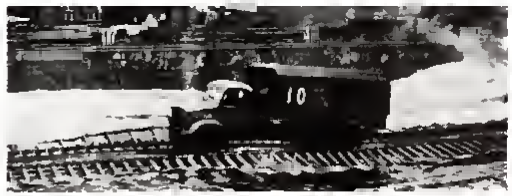


In a crude tank in a London hotel a strange genius named Ronald Hamilton (far right)



dreamed up the idea of a floating bridge of planks held together by flexible cables

Men walked on water, trucks rode the waves on the fantastic Swiss Roll



The Allies built it in thousand-foot sections, legs unrolled it from ship to shore, and supplies rolled to the beaches. Another Hamilton brainchild was a hundred-mile-an hour torpedo



What would Carrie Nation do?

This time the Mounties didn't get their man. I, Red Wind, did.

But then I had an advantage . . .

I knew what Carrie did . . .

BY VERNON HOCKLEY

It seemed marvelous that I, a poor Indian, was actually helping the Royal Mounted in catching a criminal. "You just walk up to the cabin and knock," my friend Constable Kilroy had said, and when Hawkins comes to the door you say, "I want to buy a bottle."

I walked up to the cabin and knocked. It was near midnight, with no moon. I could hear nothing but the faint thud of my heart. When he gives you the bottle," Constable Kilroy had said, "you hand him this five dollar bill. From there on, Corporal Beck and I will take over."

The door creaked softly and swung three inches open. "Remember, Red Wind," Constable Kilroy had said, "You get two dollars for this and when we have finished using it to convict Hawkins of supplying liquor to Indians, I will slip you the bottle."

"I want to buy a bottle," I said. I could see nothing, and the door had opened no further, but the darkness inside seemed to stir and hesitate for a moment. Then, as if by magic, a hand and arm came out holding a bottle by the neck. When I had taken the bottle the hand remained extended, palm up.

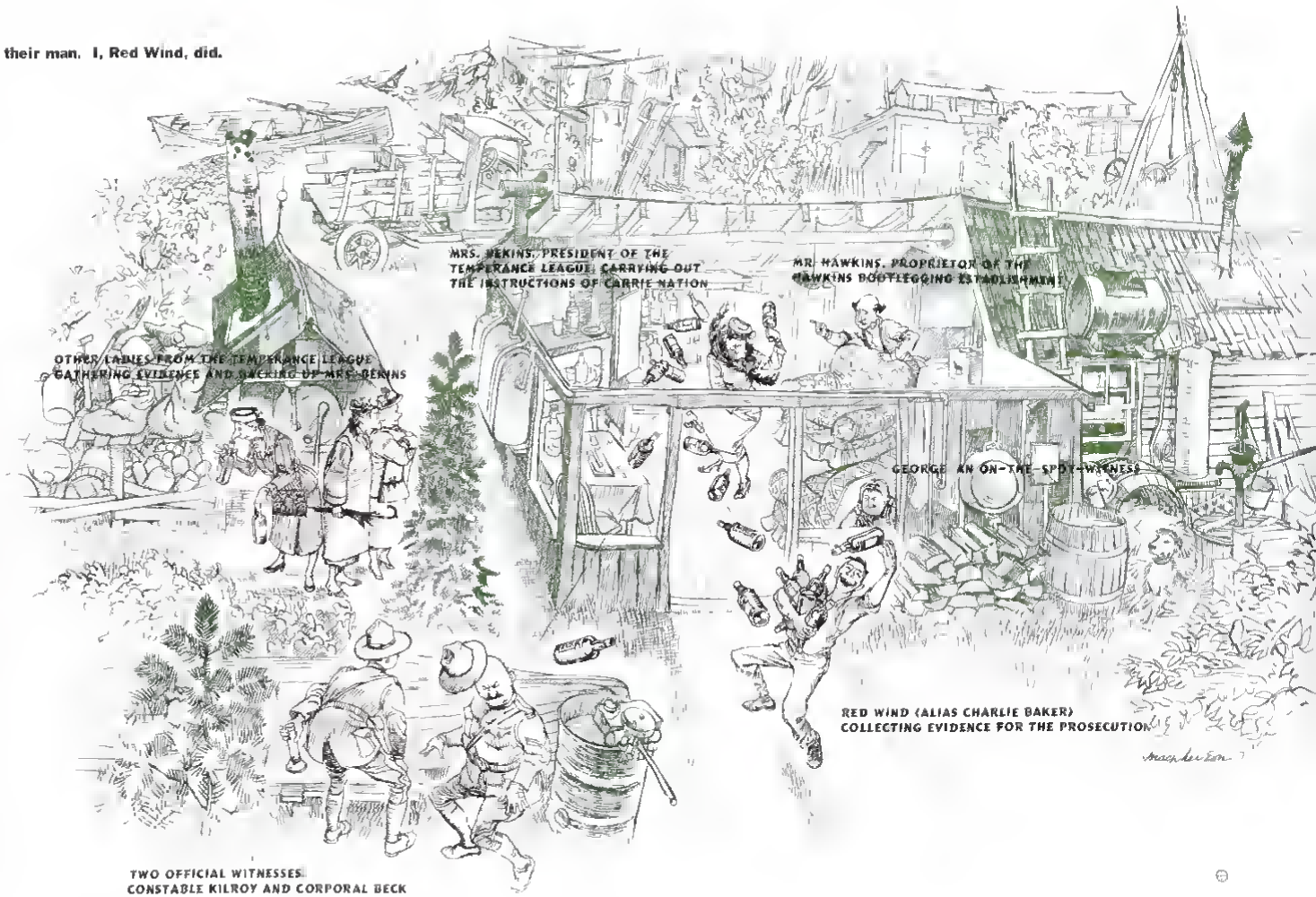
I had no sooner placed my five-dollar bill in the hand than with astonishing dispatch so suddenly that I almost dropped the bottle, Constable Kilroy and Corporal Beck took over. They had been hiding behind a low stone wall in front of the cabin. Before the door could have been closed indeed almost before the hand and arm had been withdrawn, Constable Kilroy's boot was over the sill, Corporal Beck charging like a bull, flung his whole weight against the door.

It was wonderful to see these brave men hurl themselves forward in the face of unknown danger, almost jamming together in the doorway as they entered. "All right, Hawkins," Constable Kilroy was saying, in a loud voice, "we've got you surrounded here. No funny stuff now, Hawkins." Presently a light flared up as Corporal Beck struck a match. Hawkins, a small man in a dark-green nightshirt, was sitting on the floor where evidently the force of Corporal Beck's charge had sent him. Constable Kilroy reached down and hauled him to his feet. "Get up, Hawkins," Constable Kilroy said. "We're really going to fix you up this time."

Next morning, Hawkins was brought before the magistrate, Mr. Jenkins, who held court behind the kitchen table in

continued overleaf





Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET **Somebody Up There Likes Me:** Ex-convict Rocky Graziano's trail blazes from the gutter to esteem and wealth as middleweight champion of the world—with the help of a girl who always believed in him as a human being—is convincingly dramatized in Ernest Lehman's screenplay. Paul Newman and Pier Angeli are well cast as the embattled sweethearts. The title, though a misleading, religious fervor plays an almost unnoticeable part in our hero's regeneration. The fight scenes are terrific.

Invitation to the Dance: A three part all-dance, no-dialogue opus presenting Gene Kelly as director, choreographer and star. For me, it contains a few delightful moments—but only a few sparsely strewn amid much that is either pretentious or second-rate. In abler hands, the same format may yet produce cherishable results.

John and Julie: Two English children run away to London to see the Coronation. A predictable little comedy-adventure good fun for most youngsters and bolstered by newsreel shots of the actual event.

The King and I: Already saluted here but deserving another mention. It's a glorious musical by far the best Rodgers-and-Hammerstein show ever filmed.

Please Murder Me: An idealistic lawyer (Raymond Burr) wins an acquittal for a sexy widow (Angela Lansbury) then learns that she really *did* kill her husband. What happens next makes this perhaps the year's most hard-to-believe melodrama.

Safari: A few unintentional absurdities offer occasional solace throughout this corny jungle "thriller." Victor Mature unanimatedly tussles with the Man Mau, a marauding lion and Janet Leigh.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

An Alligator Named Daisy: British comedy. Fair.
The Animal World: Nature story. Fair.
Autumn Leaves: Drama. Good.
Away All Boats: War at sea. Fair.
Charnel Junction: Indian drama. Fair.
The Birds & the Bees: Comedy. Fair.
The Bold and the Brave: War. Good.
Carousel: Musical drama. Good.
The Catered Affair: Drama. Good.
Comanche: Western. Fair.
The Come-On: Crime and sex. Poor.
D-Day, the Sixth of June: War and romance. Fair.
The Eddy Duchin Story: Musical biography. Fair.
The First Texan: Frontier drama. Fair.
French Cancan: Music-drama. Good.
Gaby: War romance. Fair.
Geordie: Scottish comedy. Good.
Golden Link: Mystery. Poor.
The Great Locomotive Chase: Civil War adventure. Good.
The Harder They Fall: Drama. Good.
Johnny Concho: Western. Good.
Jubal: Western drama. Good.
The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.
The Ladykillers: Comedy. Good.
The Last Ten Days: German drama. Good.
Lisbon: Ethel Barrymore. Excellent.
Leather Saint: Comedy. Fair.
Lucky Kid: London drama. Fair.
Magic Fire: Musical biography. Fair.
The Man Who Knew Too Much: Crime and suspense. Excellent.
Meet Me in Las Vegas: Comedy with guests and ballet. Excellent.
Moby Dick: Semi-mystical drama of whaling men. Excellent.
Nightmare: Mystery melodrama. Fair.
Now and Forever: Romance. Fair.
On the Threshold of Space: Factual science. Really good.
Patterns: Business drama. Good.
The Proud and Profane: Sexy war romance. Fair.
The Proud Ones: Western. Good.
Rainbow: Suspense drama. Good.
Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.
The Searchers: Western. Fair.
Simon and Laura: Comedy. Good.
Stranger at My Door: Preacher-versus-outlaw western. Fair.
The Swan: Romantic comedy. Excellent.
That Certain Feeling: Comedy. Fair.
A Town Like Alice: Drama. Fair.
Trapeze: Circus drama. Good.
Tribute to a Bad Man: Western. Good.
12 Pieces to Baker Street: Mystery and suspense. Good.
While the City Sleeps: Newspaper and crime drama. Fair.

a room at the back of his general store.

"Charge?" said Mr. Jenkins.

"Supplying," said Constable Kilroy. "We have a sealed bottle he said Charlie Baker Red Wind here, and the marked bill he took for it."

"Guilty or not guilty?" Mr. Jenkins said to Hawkins.

"Not guilty. Your Honor," said Hawkins. "Open that bottle."

Mr. Jenkins looked at Hawkins for a moment before taking the seal and cap from the bottle. "Taste it," said Hawkins. Mr. Jenkins raised the bottle to his lips. Then he lifted a carpenter's hammer and struck the table sharply three times.

"Fast cold in I ever tasted," he said. Kilroy and Charlie Baker can stand treat at the next meeting of the temperance league." He hammered the table again. "Charge dismissed. Case dismissed. Court's out."

TEMPERS now exploded like fire crackers. Corporal Benk on special duty for the trapping of Hawkins fell in a rage after he and Constable Kilroy had received a tongue lashing from Magistrate Jenkins and many shouted insults from Hawkins who called me a pershing mark and threatened to smash my pershing nose for me. Late this night four Indians came and sang songs under Constable Kilroy's window until he descended and ordered them into the cell of the bank of his office where they continued to sing until he again descended and ordered them out. They refused to leave and demanded to be charged.

Nothing in the books about a thing like that. "Red Wind," Constable Kilroy said pale-faced, over his breakfast next morning. "When people put up I can threaten to put them in jail. But what do I threaten them with when they're already in jail and won't get out? Any way these Indians went home about dawn with hang-overs and I hope their heads split open."

The word "mark" still burned in my ears. An snarled to Hawkins' harsh burlesque it seemed to have meant something portentously abominable and obscene. "I think I may settle all problems," I said by waylaying Hawkins and beating him severely.

"Control your aboriginal instincts, Charlie boy," Constable Kilroy said waving his luck. "Think's the impulse of a savage."

At this moment a knock like manhunting fire shattered against the door. On Constable Kilroy's invitation the door flew open and Mrs. Bekins, president of the village temperance group, stamped into the room.

When officers of the law fall in their duty," said Mrs. Bekins, speaking with her teeth set tightly together, "the forces of true justice are aroused. Do you suppose the ladies of our group have failed to learn of that disgraceful scene yesterday with a magistrate lecturing police men on the open street and a common bootlegger howling profanities at them? Do you suppose anyone within a mile would have failed to hear the shouting and howling that went on all last night in the actual premises of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police? Do you think so? Answer me!" Here Mrs. Bekins opened her teeth and snapped there like a wolf trap. "The ladies of our group Constable Kilroy demanded action. If the police can't restrain a scoundrel like that man Hawkins we can."

Constable Kilroy had been holding a piece of toast motionless in his mouth. As Mrs. Bekins turned toward the door he began chewing, but stopped when she paused on the threshold.

"The ladies of our group," said Mrs. Bekins, "have adopted a saying for situations like this. We ask ourselves 'What would Carrie do?'" Constable Kilroy stared at her. "And then," said Mrs. Bekins, "we do it!" The door slammed behind her. Constable Kilroy sat down heavily and swallowed his toast.

"You went to college, Red Wing," he said presently. "Tell me, who was Carrie and what did she do?"

"I believe," I said, "that this reference was to Mrs. Nation, who attacked saloons with a hatchet."

Constable Kilroy brightened. "Maybe Mrs. Bekins will use a hatchet on Hawkins."

I had begun to develop a vague protective feeling for the constable. "While at college," I said, "I not only learned about Mrs. Nation. I played a great many games of chess with a professor named Trad. Professor Trad used to describe the opponent in chess who accepts attack and turns it to advantage. Hawkins is such an opportunist. When he could have ordered me from his door he chose instead to sell a bottle of tea and so discredited the police."

Constable Kilroy nodded. "That he did. The prestige of the Mounted is locally 0 minus zero."

"Then if Mrs. Bekins should emulate her heroine, Hawkins—if forewarned, would similarly try to turn the attack against the temperance ladies."

Constable Kilroy raised his brows. When I had estimated the matter at greater length he lowered them in what might have been admiration. "Savage impulses or not, Red Wind," he said, "I can go for your low Indian cunning. Yours and Professor Trad's."

AS A FIRST measure I managed to intercept Hawkins who glanced about uneasily when he realized that we were alone.

"There was some mention," I said, "of smashing my nose for me."

Hawkins chuckled bravely. "But of a joke, young Charlie." His bullous eyes blinked and narrowed. "Tried to sell me a bill of goods at that, you did. Or bought one. Ha!"

"You will laugh on the other side of your face," I said, "when Mrs. Bekins has finished with you." I told him of the lady's threats. Hawkins' eyes narrowed further.

"Don't seem hardly likely she'd go quite that far, now."

"Mrs. Nation went that far."

Hawkins nodded doubtfully. "Nasty lot them women. Dried up many a good customer for me, one time and another."

I left him evidently in deep speculation and went on to visit Mrs. Bekins.

"Constable Kilroy asks me to tell you," I said, "that for the time at least he can do nothing about Hawkins. He strongly suggests that the ladies of your group wait in patience and avoid all violent demonstration."

Mrs. Bekins chest rose three inches and held rigid. "You may tell Constable Kilroy," she said, speaking without seeming to release an ounce of pressure from her lungs, "that I shall do my duty as I see it. And no later than this very night, too."

"But surely not," I said, "to the extent of employing any actual — ah — implement of destruction." Mrs. Bekins eyes, which had been fixed on the horizon, swept down at me.

And why not?"

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National's adding machine...
*Live keyboard** with keytouch adjustable to each operator!

Saves up to 50% hand motion — and effort! Never before have so many time-and-effort-saving features been placed on an adding machine.

Every key operates the motor! So you can now *forget the motor bar!* No more back and forth hand motion from keys to motor bar. Think of the time and effort this saves.

Keyboard is instantly adjustable to *each* operator's touch! No wonder operators are so enthusiastic about it. They do their work *faster* — with up to 50% *less effort*. New operating advantages, quietness, beauty.

"LIVE KEYBOARD" with Adjustable Keytouch plus 8 other time saving features combined only on the National Adding Machine. Automatic Clear Signal . . . Subtractions in red . . . Automatic Credit Balance in red . . . Automatic space up of tape when total prints . . . Large Answer Dials . . . Easy-touch Key Action . . . Full-Visible Keyboard with Automatic Ciphers . . . Rugged-Duty Construction.

A National Adding Machine pays for itself with the time and effort it saves, then continues savings as yearly profits. One hour a day saved with this new National will in the average office, repay 100% a year on the investment. See a demonstration today on your own work. Call the nearest National branch office or National dealer.

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THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED
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Combining the quiet charm of good style with fine craftsmanship — typical of the quality that is Pepplers. Ask for this fine furniture by name.

Peppler Bros. Co. Limited, Hanover, Ont.



It's **COOL!**

When you have guests in—serve ice-cold bottles of this low-alcohol light sparkling wine! You've never tasted anything like it. The carton you can tuck under your arm holds six 13-oz. bottles—each so *low* in cost! Try WINETTE—pick up a carton soon!

This is for **ME!**



Once you've sipped WINETTE's different flavour you'll say that this low alcohol sparkling light wine is for *you*—*and* your friends! The carton weighs only 9 lbs. and holds six 13 oz. bottles of WINETTE. And look—each bottle costs so *little!*



Bright's fine Canadian **Wines** SINCE 1874

"Virtue" I said "can be a sword sharper than steel. Bravest is he who strikes with weapons of the soul. Barehanded and with bared breast the saint dares lance and maul."

I left shortly afterward with the shaky hope that I had suggested better ways of breaking bottles than by hitting them with a hatchet.

TRUE TO her threat but to my great relief without visible arms the indignified Mrs. Bekins left her house at dusk and marched resolutely along the furrest trail to Hawkins cabin. Three of her Indian followed at a respectful distance trotting every so often in order to keep up and I flanked them silently in the grass across beside the trail.

At the stone wall in front of the cabin Mrs. Bekins halted and put up a commanding hand to her Indies. "From this point on," she said "I advance alone. Let the full weight of responsibility be upon my shoulders."

She strode up to the cabin and beat her machine-gun tattoo on the door. It opened instantly and Hawkins filled her up in the doorhole. I noted with some gratification that there was another man in the room behind him. "Hawkins" I had said to Constable Kilroy "will be sure to provide himself with a witness."

"Mr. Hawkins," said Mrs. Bekins "I intend to ruin you. Stand aside please."

"Why ma'am" said Hawkins, "I don't quite know about that hardly. George and I here was just having a quiet evening."

"Stand aside Mr. Hawkins" said Mrs. Bekins. "Before I break your neck."

"Assault that could be ma'am" Hawkins said quickly. "Mind your language now ma'am."

"Right you are captain" said George, from inside the room. "Threat to do violence is constituted an assault. Had it halved at me three times I have."

Mrs. Bekins shorted forward and Hawkins skipped to one side. "Illegal entry ma'am" he said "in case you're answering like."

"Illegal entry it is, captain" said George. "The entering upon of premises without permission express or implied from owner of same."

Mrs. Bekins crossed the floor of Hawkins front room and pulled open the doors of a large wall cabinet. Rows of bottles stood there on shelves.

"I spoon ma'am," Hawkins said with relish. "All bought perfectly legal and aboveboard. Smash a bottle and you're guilty of wilful damage to property."

"Wilful and malicious destruction" George said. He dived suddenly for the rear of a chesterfield as Mrs. Bekins seized a bottle and whirled it like an Indian club. "Duck-on captain" said George.

MAGISTRATE JENKINS hammered his table. "Might as well get short all these charges without any foolery" he said. "In the first place assault is out."

"Threatened to break my neck, didn't she?" said Hawkins.

Threat to do violence is assault" said George.

Threat is assault" said Magistrate Jenkins "when threat can be carried out, or when person threatening believes it can be carried out. Mrs. Bekins was incapable of striking Mr. Hawkins neck and he knew it. Therefore there was no assault. If she'd carried a weapon and had threatened to use it things might be different."

How about illegal entry" said Hawkins whose baritone had risen to thin soprano.

"According to witnesses you stepped back and let her in" said Magistrate Jenkins. "Entry's tricky unless proven to have been done with intent to commit a felony."

Hawkins by now virtually whistled his words. "Commit a felony! What happened to my bottles? Not a bleeding one left there ain't."

Plain enough it was that everything was done with your consent. Will you not say you were nowhere near Mrs. Bekins when she took the bottles."

"Nowhere near her" said George waving his arms friendly. "How could anybody have got anywhere near her? Like approaching a blooming helicopter it would have been."

Magistrate Jenkins struck the table impatiently and fumbled with some papers. "Case dismissed" he said "but don't anybody go away. There is a separate charge here we might as well deal with to save another session."

"A separate charge?" said Hawkins. "Against whom may I ask?"

Jointly against you Herbert Basil Hawkins and you, Victoria Bekins, for having supplied liquor to an Indian. Objection same is of case just concluded."

"I didn't supply any liquor to any Indian," said Mrs. Bekins, who seemed somehow to have exchanged voices with Hawkins and now spoke in a hoarse baritone.

"She didn't supply nothing to nobody" said Hawkins. "All she done was pitch the perishing bottles out the door as fast as she could lay her hands on them."

"Yes," said Constable Kilroy "and Charlie Baker stood outside and caught them. At least," he added fingering a purple bruise on the side of his head "he caught some of them. Most of the rest smashed against the stone wall."

Constable Kilroy brought up two bottles and placed them on the table. "Exhibits," he said proudly, seeing in the presence of witnesses. He nodded toward Mrs. Bekins three Indies who sat on orange crates to the rear of the principals.

"You told me to throw those bottles Charlie Baker!" said Mrs. Bekins lunging forward so that I stepped hurriedly behind Constable Kilroy. "You told me to do it with my bare hands. With your fancy college language, you minds me forgot."

Madam" I said holding Constable Kilroy firmly in front of me, "without any suggestion you might stand convicted of assault, criminal entry and wilful destruction. And Mr. Hawkins would be charged with nothing."

Magistrate Jenkins was hammering the table. "Quiet in the court!" he said. "Mrs. Bekins you're not under oath but if you've just admitted throwing those bottles after hearing magistrate's caution with Charlie Baker an Indian. And by your discretion of this court you did so with implied consent from Mr. Hawkins. Argue the case if you like, but if you both plead guilty I'll suspend sentences and everybody can go home."

When the dust and smoke had looked at the bottles on his table and then at Constable Kilroy and me. "Hawkins didn't claim those were full of tea" he said "but I suppose in the interests of justice we ought to find out."

At the instant as if she had been gifted with some sort of second sight Mrs. Bekins abruptly retorted. With one glance she took in everything that her second sight might have failed to reveal. With one terrible movement she crossed the floor and seized Mr. Jenkins hammer.

In a situation like this" said Mrs. Bekins, I need ask myself but one question.

What would Carrie do?" ★



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The secret war of Charles Goodeve continued from page 23

With a fleet of amphibious trains the Allies could invade Berlin

models. I've had to build my own experimental tank. Not a very neat job, I'm afraid, but it was a lot cheaper than getting people to build one for me. No money to spend on frills here."

Hamilton laughed a little harshly. Glancing at him again, Goodeve saw the tired lines around his eyes and suddenly he sensed that Hamilton was under considerable stress.

They came to the homemade water tank — and Goodeve marveled at Hamilton's ingenuity. It was fully two hundred feet long, and was fashioned out of nothing more complicated than a vast expanse of linoleum and a double row of old planks. Overhead ran electric cables, and these supplied power to a number of strange, model craft floating on the surface of the water. The whole thing would not have cost more than a few pounds, and Goodeve thought ruefully of the astronomical sums spent on many elaborate experimental tanks fulfilling a similar function.

Hamilton spoke again, and the tired look had gone out of his voice. "I have discovered something which may revolutionize warfare. If certain laws are obeyed, the surface of a liquid can be made to behave in many ways like that of a solid. You can lay a sheet of canvas on water and roll a wheeled object over it in just the same way as you could if the canvas was laid on the ground. Look at these pictures."

Goodeve stared, fascinated, at the photographs. Hamilton handed to him. On a carpet of thin chestnut fencing slates, supported only by a tarpaulin, a boy was riding a motorcycle across a stream.

"My son Paint helped me with these experiments. Even carrying a passenger, he could cross the water at high and low speeds quite comfortably. Now you see what this means, don't you?"

He turned back to the tank.

"This theory of mine—I call it Rolling Dynamic Buoyancy—can solve one of your greatest problems in the amphibious assault. My floating bridge gives you the link between the ships and the shore. Perhaps you'd like to examine this model."

Goodeve leaned over the tank. There, floating on the water, was a miniature roadway made of strips of wood and canvas and anchored by wires fore and aft. Hamilton began to run a model truck across it, and the hinged sides of the bridge turned up to form a narrow lane, which extended three quarters of the truck's length ahead and astern. As the truck passed over each section the side of the bridge dropped back again to their original recumbent position. Inspecting it more closely, Goodeve realized the brilliant quality in Hamilton's design. A given load was spread through tension fore and aft. All the stresses and strains had been so cleverly and accurately worked out that not an ounce of material anywhere failed to bear its appointed part of the burden.

Hamilton dived back into his work room and produced a sheaf of drawings.

"You will see from that there is no problem over transporting the bridge. It rolls up like a length of wire netting, and it will unroll just as easily in the water. The sea will take all the weight.

"What loads have you got in mind, and how far can this bridge of yours be extended?" asked Goodeve.

"It should easily carry a ten-ton truck a mile to the shore. As I see it we can make the bridge in one-thousand-foot sections of Douglas fir planks. To support them we shall need flexible steel cables with a breaking strain of at least nineteen tons."

"How are you going to apply the tension on your cables?"

"I think we may have to experiment a little further in that direction," said Hamilton. "To keep the tension constant during the rise or fall of the tide I don't see why we shouldn't use a simple hinging weight. If variation in the tide is not important an ordinary winch would probably do."

Goodeve glanced again at the model floating in the tank. "What happens if a truck breaks down on the bridge?" he asked.

"That shouldn't cause any real trouble," said Hamilton. "You saw the hinged sides rise up out of the water when the trunk was pressed down. They formed a sort of shallow boat around the truck which traveled along with it. If the truck stops in a choppy sea the depression will gradually fill with water, of course, but it will be several hours before that part of the bridge becomes waterlogged. There will be plenty of time to tow away any vehicle that has broken down. Normally, of course, the bridge is self-emptying. As soon as the load moves away all the sea water flows out again over the flat sides."

There were more questions from the DMWD officers, and then, as they were turning to go, Hamilton made a gesture toward the tank.

"I don't suppose you would be interested in the other things I'm working on here, but my Train Ship could bring the war in Europe to an end if they would give me the money to develop it. I call it Hercules. The idea came to me when I was doing the preliminary work on the bridge."

He moved to the far end of the tank and pointed to a long object in the water. It was the strangest ship Goodeve had ever seen. Enclosed in an endless belt was a train of twelve electric locomotives and when Hamilton switched on the power they began to move rapidly along a trunk mounted on the inside of the hull, picking it up and carrying it forward over the roof of the train as the craft gathered speed.

"I have used an entirely new method of propulsion. This craft you see is driven by skin friction. The scale model corresponds to a full-sized Train Ship 370 feet long and weighing 3,000 tons."

Hamilton paused, staring at Goodeve intently, as if in search of unconvincement.

It will be able to travel at tremendous speeds over land or water. You will see from these drawings that the carriages are connected by large universal joints. Between each section are hydraulic jacks which can be locked when the train reaches a certain speed in the water. They will hold the whole train rigid, as the form of a girder. Then it will ride the waves like a sledge racing over rough ice."

What will happen if you run into a gale? In certain conditions surely the length and height of the waves will impose undue strain on your girder. You will then get a dangerous sagging effect won't you?" Goodeve asked.

"Not at all," said Hamilton abruptly. "Releasing the jacks will give complete articulation. The Train Ship will then ride the waves like a piece of seaweed. When the main swell is large and steady I can adjust the shape of the train to allow for the combined harmonic motion of the train itself and the swell, simply by releasing or locking the jacks. They also steer the Train Ship; you will only have to extend them slightly to one side or the other for the train to turn in a circle."

A silence fell on the long corridor-like tank unoccupied by the drill tumble of a very different type of train as it entered the station below them. Goodeve looked again at the strange fantastic object in the tank. Reflecting on the engineering skill that had gone into the creation of the floating bridge it occurred to him that Hamilton's wonderful amphibians might not be so impractical after all. One day they too might be entering a London terminus!

You talked about winning the war with this invention of yours," he said. "What is in your mind?"

Hamilton smiled a little wryly.

"You probably think this is all very far-fetched," he said, "but theoretically it is possible to produce a vehicle which, using on this principle that will travel over water at a speed limited only by the

From back-room boy to author

GERALD PAWLE, the author of The Secret War of Charles Goodeve, was himself for a short time one of the "Whizzers and Dodgers" he writes about in this three part Maclean's series. At right he is shown in an earlier role—as flying officer to Admiral Sir John Cunningham in the Mediterranean. These articles will later be incorporated in Pawle's book The Secret War 1939-1945, to be published soon by Harrap of London.





Cowboys love

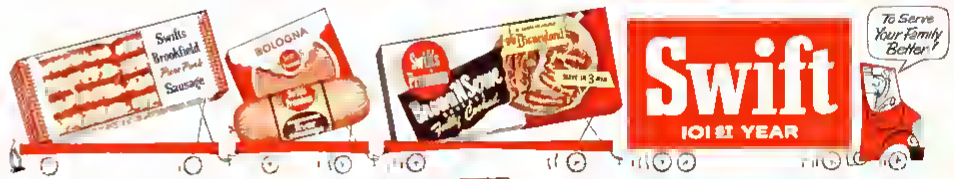
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strength of the materials used in its construction—a vehicle that can move not only over firm land and sea but over ice snow or marshes. From the ministry and from us far away as the U. S. and the Commonwealth a fleet of these high speed amphibious trains could converge on the very heart of Germany. Some could act as mobile battering rams, flattening by kinetic energy a path across occupied Europe for other trains to follow. You could have destroyer trains remote controlled and carrying enough high explosive to lay waste whole cities."

Goodeve saw other things in the gloomy corridor of the Grosvenor that afternoon. Among them was a torpedo unlike any we had devised for submarine warfare.

"Hercules here is another of my pet projects," said Hamilton. "He's a versatile chap. We'll put the same principle in the Train Ship Hull do over one hundred miles an hour under water and he can climb ashore and overcome any beach defences."

Hamilton paused. "I'd better not start telling you about Hercules, though," he said. "I've kept you far too long already."

Goodeve looked at his watch. Afternoon had merged into early evening. They had lost all sense of time and he remembered that he still had much to do before midnight.

Hamilton led the way down the dark staircase and as they halted a taxi in the dark street Goodeve said to him:

"Send me all your data on the bridge. I think we can do something with that."

The cab circled to head around Grosvenor Place and Goodeve leaned forward to wave a farewell. But Hamilton had already disappeared back to his strange experiments in the gloom of the deserted wing.

Before Goodeve set out for the U. S. he was convinced there were remarkable possibilities in several of Hamilton's unusual projects, but the Whinzers and Dodgers—as DMWD was popularly called—had to concentrate on immediate requirements. Any effective link between ship and shore would play a vital part in the coming invasion and it seemed to Goodeve that the floating bridge was a practical proposition. He instructed his staff to persuade Hamilton to drop his Train Ship researches, and the inventor was taken onto the strength of DMWD as a consulting engineer. Finding a code name for the bridge project was not difficult. When the prototype of the bridge was wound up on its spindle and ready for launching it looked just like a monster Swiss Roll.

To lay the thousand foot sections of roadway on the surface of the sea special barges equipped with cranes would be needed. The sections of Swiss Roll would be carried to their destination in leading craft: six thousand feet from the shore the mulberry barge would be anchored and from this seaward base the floating roadway would be unwound to the beach. Hamilton then designed a raft that would be placed in position after the bridge had been anchored. To his delight he found that this device would steer a track perilously. The driver could, in fact, negotiate the floating roadway blindfold or with his hands off the steering wheel and no amount of skidding caused by the waves pinned the vehicle in any peril.

Other experiments were carried out to test the stability of the bridge in rough seas. A Motor Torpedo Boat was brought into the tidal basin where the Swiss Roll lay and while a truck sorted down the track in one direction the MTB at high speed on an opposite course raised seven foot waves which hurled themselves against the frail structure. The trunk rode the waves like the most seaworthy of boats and Goodeve was able to report jubilantly: "I am satisfied the bridge will be unharmed by storms and will be storable in all but the worst weather."

At this stage Hamilton himself began to have doubts about his invention. Never a calm man, he was living on his nerves. He drove himself at such a pace that the strain inevitably told on him. When he was tired and on edge he lost his self control, making slighting, bitter criticisms of his closest friends and helpers.

His greatest handicap, however, was his inordinate passion for inventing, which, oddly enough, surpassed his interest in the successful completion of any of his projects. With the Swiss Roll this tendency grew to a positive mania and as the summer of 1943 wore on the trials and never-ending modifications at Portsmouth produced continual rows, culminating in a violent scene on the eve of the first full-scale demonstration of the bridge to a host of very senior officers.

Hamilton decided late that day that further modifications must be made before the Swiss Roll was thrown to the VIPs and on his own initiative gave orders for the bridge to be dismantled. When Goodeve arrived and found what was happening he was furious. He went to the dockyard, ordered the dismantling of the bridge to be reassembled and left it under armed guard. He then warned Hamilton that he was not to re-enter the dockyard that night.

Hamilton was in a frenzy. Bitterly he accused Goodeve of sabotaging his plans and he threatened to sue him. Reasoned argument was impossible with Hamilton in this hysterical mood and Goodeve went to bed.

The demonstration next day was in fact a complete success, but for some time afterward Hamilton refused to be consoled. He refused—for a time at least—to have anything more to do with DMWD's plans for the bridge.

The Whinzers and Dodgers had to go ahead without him and additional problems such problems as the drag produced by cross tides, the rolling up and unrolling of the sections of the Swiss Roll from the water and the resistance of the floating roadway to cannon and machine gun fire.

Hamilton's floating bridge was eventually used in combination with the artificial Mulberry harbor plumped down off Normandy to supply the Allied invaders. The inventor was given a reward of almost twenty-five thousand dollars after the war but he didn't live long to enjoy it. He died in 1953 at the age of fifty four.

Goodeve's department was drawn into the fabulous plans for the Mulberry harbor at an early date. The originator of the scheme was Vice-Admiral John Hughes-Hallett, now a Conservative MP. The Admiralty had to find a way of laying down two prefabricated harbors each the size of Gibraltar in little over two weeks.

The broad concept eventually embraced an outer breakwater, an inner one composed of huge concrete caissons called Phoenix units which could be towed across the Channel and sunk by opening release valves, and a series of floating units—Whales they were named—running out from the beach to port heads at which ships could berth and unload their cargo into trucks. These port heads were mounted on steel like legs and were designed to rise and fall with the tide which at times rose twenty four feet.

The experts realized that for the outer protective breakwater they needed some sort of wall in the sea which need not be carried right down to the sea bed. It had only to extend to the point where the waves lost their energy. Therefore they must build it floating, well.

At this stage scientist Robert Lochner of DMWD thought of his Life air mattress. He asked his wife to sew a small keel on it and they launched it in their pond. Many Lochner began making miniature waves with the lid of a cookie tin. The experiments came to an abrupt end when she lost her balance and fell head first into the water but by then Lochner had seen enough to know he was on the right lines. As soon as he got back to the Admiralty he drew up plans for more accurate models. When these were tested they showed clearly enough that a floating barrier would suppress waves.

It was an exciting discovery. In one bound the Wheerers and Dodgers had eliminated all the problems. The pipes, and the huge ships which would have been needed to operate the "Bubble breakwater"—as plain Close to Churchill's heart which named all suppressing waves by the release of high pressure air bubbles. A new name would be given to appear in the progress reports reaching the Overlord planners for the floating breakwater was given the title of Lilo.

Lochner had a nagging feeling that the basin design might be improved. He was worried about the obvious vulnerability of the fabric sides of the high air bags that would hold up the breakwater. When he got home in the evenings he would fill the bath and experiment with different shapes of rigid-sided moulds. The insults were not immediately encouraging but he kept on trying.

The three full sized Lilos over which workmen now swarmed in the dock at Portsmouth were unlike any floating object ever seen. They were two hundred feet long and twelve feet wide. The gigantic air bags were divided into three compartments, running the full length of the Lilo and separated from each other by canvas walls provided with rubber. The keel consisted of a hollow tube of reinforced concrete eight feet in diameter and when flooded with water it weighed seven hundred and fifty tons.

The army of workers in the floating dock were baffled by this grotesque thing they were creating. They guessed that it had something to do with the Second

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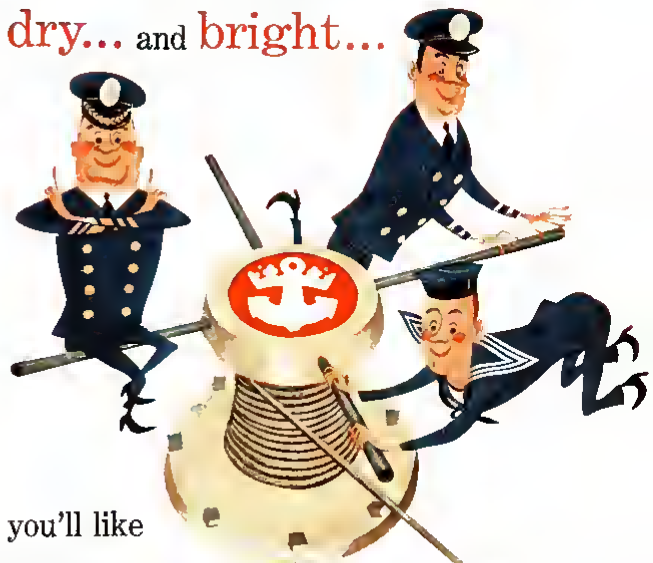


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Front so stridently demanded in crude lettering on walls and hoardings. Its purpose, they were unable to decide, but they were unanimous on one point—it would never float!

By the middle of August 1943 the Prime Minister was in Canada and the British and American planning staffs commenced to the Quadrant Conference were working together on the problems of Overlord. Suddenly word reached the Admiralty that a team fully conversant with the progress of the Pebble Harbor and the Lilo breakwater was to fly to Quebec immediately. Before setting out Lochner told Flight Lieut. Robin Ryng, to proceed with tests of a new rigid sided breakwater.

When the DMWD team reached Quebec and drove to the Chateau Frontenac they found to their dismay that a meeting, an artificial harbour was due to start in fifteen minutes. Sleepless and unshaven they grabbed their papers and plunged into technical consultation with a large U.S. contingent of army and navy officers. The Americans were keenly interested in the revolutionary British plans.

On the last day of his stay Robert Lochner was summoned to the White House to give a twenty minute talk on the floating breakwater to Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt. A signal had arrived stating that the tests on the rigid sided models completed before the departure from England had proved successful. Churchill was still intrigued with the compressed air idea and before Lochner began his talk he enquired a little aggrievedly "What about my bubbles?" General Sir Hastings Ismay remarked tactfully that the trials were still inconclusive.

That night a signal went to England. It was from the Combined Chiefs of Staff and announced that Mulberry was to be a British responsibility. The DMWD team flew home to find that the latest tests of the rigid models had exceeded all expectations. Should they go ahead with the sea balloons? Or should they stake everything on an equally untried floating monster made of steel?

On September 13 the plunge was taken. Although they decided to go ahead still with the trials of the Lilo prototypes, which were expected to provide valuable information on mooring problems, the major effort would be concentrated on the design and construction of the radically different steel units.

At first this improved version was called Hard Lilo, to distinguish it from the rubber and concrete structure now awaiting trial in the Channel but eventually it was given the code name of Bombardon.

The full scale Bombardon breakwater required ninety-six hollow steel objects which viewed end on looked like monster Maltese crosses. They would be two hundred feet long, and just over twenty five feet wide with a draught of nineteen feet. On launching, the bottom and side arms were flooded with sea water to give the necessary stability. To support this weight the top half of the vertical arm contained a reel of watertight buoyant chambers.

When Field Marshal Montgomery as military commander of Overlord decided in January 1944 to provide for an assault by five divisions instead of three the date for the invasion was put ahead a month, from May 1 to June 5. To the Wheezers and Dodgers this postponement came as a welcome relief. Before work could begin on building the full-scale Bombardons required for the two Mulberry harbors they had had to carry out more than three hundred separate experiments with scale models.

Throughout the overture to Overlord the activities of the Wheezers and Dodgers were man held. For months past they had been developing a variety of devices to confuse the enemy's radar from the moment the invasion fleet sailed. There were rockets and shells that emitted coils of aluminum wire to baffle the range finding of the German coastal batteries. To draw the enemy fire away from major targets another group of objects was produced simulating forces that did not in fact exist at all. Different types of reflectors again made quite small craft look like battleships on the radar screen, while others appeared as bigger than fishing vessels. They designed special radar marking buoys to keep the Allied bombarding ships dead on course during their night approach to the French coast.

Not all the DMWD experiments had resulted in success. A painful and exasperating failure had been the Strength Through Joy. This had been developed by the rocket team under Commander Nevil Shute Norway, the famous novelist. It consisted of two huge projectors connected by hydraulic pipes to a remote control cab rather like a squirrel's cage which contained a sight and a joy stick. The operator strapped himself in this cage, and could swing the rockets to any angle he chose. When a prototype of this weapon was being trucked to Portsmouth for trials it stopped over on the Horse Guards Parade so that Goodeve and other senior officers could inspect it. One or two admirals joined them and the press of high brass became thicker. Finally Winston Churchill left No. 10 Downing Street to take a look himself.

Churchill climbed into the control cage, swung the rockets around. "A very impressive weapon," he announced. Order a thousand of them.

Somerset hesitantly mentioned that the weapon had not yet been tried out. The Prime Minister reddened. "I said order a thousand of them."

The thousand were duly ordered but trials at sea uncovered a technical snag that the experts could not surmount. The Wheezers and Dodgers lived in fear for months that Churchill would check up on the progress of the deliveries.

As D-Day neared the Army asked for some means of speeding up the transfer of men and their equipment from troopships to the decks of the landing craft. Scrambling nets they had decided were fun from an infantryman's point of view but were slow and dangerous. DMWD designed a tube from which stretched a long rubberized canvas chute. The lip end of this could be held quite easily by two men standing on the deck of a landing craft all that the soldier needed to do was to clamber in feet first and hurtle to the bottom. They called it the Helter Skelter. On a full dress test by soldiers in full kit one man tore a strip clean down the canvas. Small wonder that the sight of his little feet disappearing, followed close behind all left standing into the sea. This defect made good the tube was put into service on troopships.

The Wheezers and Dodgers were satisfied that the trials of the Bombardon had been a complete success. Robert Lochner however could not altogether rid himself of doubts about the safety margin that had been set. But there was no time now for changes. When the invasion fleet put to sea the first sections of the floating breakwater sailed with it from Portland. At the same time the testing climax was at hand for many other devices dreamed up by the unorthodox crew of DMWD. Goodeve by this time had been appointed as a civilian peer in the Admiralty with the status of a rear admiral and Commander Denys Richardson had replaced Ian Goodeve however kept a watching brief over DMWD until the last.

Five hours before zero hour a force of small craft left Newhaven and headed toward Dieppe towing a number of DMWD's radio faxing devices. Twelve minesweepers flying "magic balloons" which confused the radar images went over with the heavy ships forming the bombarding force. When the trawlers opened up on the distant shore batteries the minesweepers circled in the smoke screen to draw the fire of the enemy.

The assault force included forty five Hedgerows—a lengthsome bank of rocket bombs installed on small landing craft. One Hedgerow commander got so close to the beach that he saw his bombs blow a tremendous breach in the sea wall and as he withdrew he watched Allied tanks forging through the gap.

Soon after seven a.m. on the beaches the cliff scaling gear developed by DMWD went into action. Three companies of the U.S. Rangers stormed ashore at Pointe du Hoe three miles west of Omaha Beach where it almost sheer cliff confronted them. The Rangers shot up their rocket grapnels and under covering fire from two destroyers, they rapidly scaled the cliff face.

When the first waves of troops were ashore work began on the Mulberry harbor. The phasing of the Bombardons was carried out by a fleet of starters, by D-plus-6 the floating breakwater at Mulberry A was complete and within twenty-four hours the Bombardons off the British harbor were also safely moored.

For the first two weeks the blockships and the floating breakwaters provided practically all the sheltered water used by the invading forces. During this period a great host of men and vast quantities of stores were successfully landed and a supply position was established on shore sufficient to secure the bridgehead against any counterattack that the Germans might launch.

At Arromanches Ronald Hamilton's Swiss Roll was in continual use as the Royal Navy's own pier for bringing ashore men and supplies. The floating bridge had however already played a far more important part in the success of the invasion—as an instrument in the cover plan for misleading the enemy over Allied intentions. The knowledge that this highly mobile type of sea bridge was in production was one of many factors that contributed to German indecision as to the likely point of assault.

On July 23 Churchill visited Mulberry B and on his return to England he paid his own eloquent tribute. "This miraculous part has played, and will continue to play a most important part in the liberation of Europe."

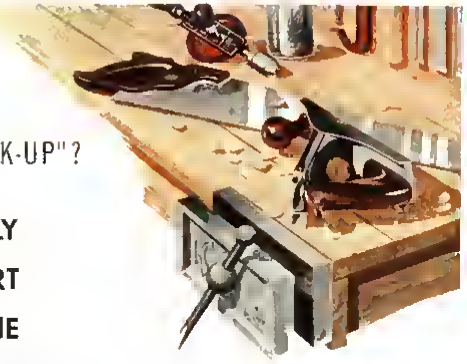
In the making of that part — and in the invasion itself — Charles Goodeve's Wheezers and Dodgers had played their full part. ★

Many technical developments not yet released to the public were developed by the DMWD. Gerald Poole tells of the secret three weapons of the future in the next issue of Maclean's.

ANSWER

to Who is It? on page 34

Hume Cronyn, Canadian actor who is married to actress Jessica Tandy

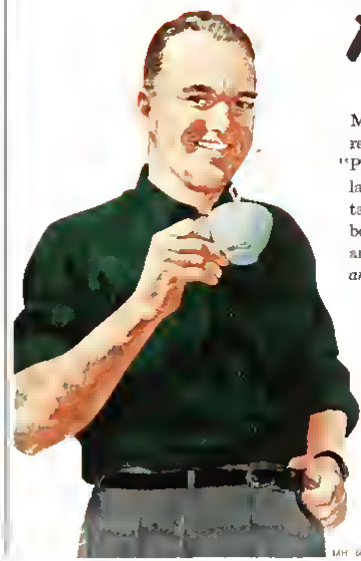


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Will they ever beat the Eskimos?

Continued from page 15

Looking for a coach, Edmonton found the split-T

Hamilton and Montreal. Currently he is coach of the Saskatchewan Roughriders in Regina.

Filchock became coach of the Eskimos in 1952 after a season as assistant coach and part-time quarterback. When the club's executive secretary-manager A. L. (Al) Anderson looked over the roster of the 1952 club he discovered that Filchock and an ancient Canadian, Bill Stukus, were the only quarterbacks. Anderson decided that two such veterans were poor quarterback insurance so on impulse he picked up the telephone and asked the operator to find him a man named Charles (Bud) Wilkinson, the coach of the Oklahoma University Sooners. This was the most significant phone call Anderson had ever made in football although he didn't know it at the time. He had plucked Wilkinson's name from somewhere back of his hair line because he'd read that Wilkinson had been named coach-of-the-year in U.S. intercollegiate football. Al Anderson hoped that if he was obliging as he was successful.

It turned out that he was. Wilkinson gave Anderson the name of a quarterback who'd played for him at Oklahoma, Claude Arnold. When Arnold arrived in Edmonton he brought with him an end named Frankie Anderson who has since become one of Canada's top linemen.

"They told us about the split-T which they'd played at Oklahoma but we didn't pay much attention at first," manager Al Anderson recalls. "But then we had that fuss with Filchock and we became all ears."

The fuss with Filchock resulted in his being dropped as Edmonton coach. Newspapers have hinted that after the Eskimos won the Western Conference championship in 1952 and were preparing to travel to Toronto to meet the Argonauts for the Grey Cup—a game they were to lose—Filchock threatened not to make the trip unless or until the Eskimos hired him for the following season as a year-round assistant coach. There were other published reports that he demanded a bonus for having won the western title. Anderson declines to reveal the exact nature of the fuss but when confronted by these reports he says "it was something like that."

At any rate the Eskimos decided even before they lost the Grey Cup game to the Argonauts by 21-11 that they wanted a new coach. Anderson set off for Oklahoma for a visit with Bud Wilkinson. There he was converted irrevocably to the split-T system. He learned that Wilkinson was a disciple of Don Faurot, head coach at the University of Missouri who had conceived the idea of the split-T in 1941 and that it had been adapted by a small though successful group of college coaches, notably Wilkinson at Oklahoma and Jim Tatum at Maryland. He learned that the system's execution involved endless hours of practice to perfect a required split-second timing, and that this extended to former as well as backs. He learned that Wilkinson had completed a coup in the strife of Oklahoma by getting the majority of the high school coaches to switch to split-T, thus ensuring Oklahoma of a supply of young, steels grounded in the system's fundamentals.

Anderson learned that none of the teams in the National Professional Football League use a split-T offense probably because so few of their recruits graduate from colleges that use it and also because it exacts a physical toll of quarterbacks, particularly in the rough-and-tumble NFL. This meant that if Edmonton shifted to the split-T it would not have to vie financially with NFL clubs for players at least not to the extent that Canadian teams using more conventional offenses do.

Anderson came away with one more thing: a coach. Or Wilkinson's recommendation he interviewed Darryl Royal, a former Wilkinson quarterback at Oklahoma who left his assistant's job at Mississippi State to become the twenty-eight-year-old father of the split-T in Canada.

The Eskimos worked hard on relocating in 1953, getting in the new system and their ground attack became the talk of the Western Conference. They lost only four league games out of fourteen and Winnipeg barely nosed them out in the third game of the best-of-three western final on a first-minute touchdown. It was obvious that Darryl Royal had the brain of tomorrow.

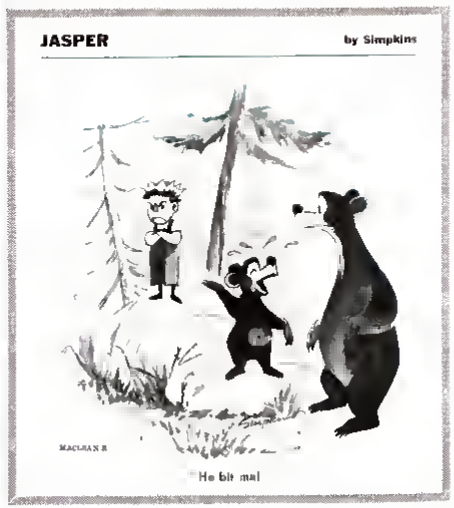
But then Royal was offered the head coaching job at Mississippi State—a job he cherished because of his former association with the school. He withheld his decision until Manager Anderson had made another trip to Oklahoma for another visit with Bud Wilkinson. Wilkinson tickled by the manner in which the split-T had succeeded in Canada was willing to release his own assistant Frank (Pop) Ivy to carry the gospel northward even sent his line coach Gomer Jones to Edmonton with Ivy for personal training. Royal stayed around for that summer session too and was instrumental in getting Jackie Parker to move north when he came out of college.

Thus a new dynasty in Canadian football was built and the quarterback rivet marvellously is why haven't other Canadian teams leaped onto the split-T bandwagon in line with the maxim "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em"?

In a sense, some of them have. In the west the phrase ball control has become a by-word. Western Conference teams that once were pass happy while the likes of Indian Jack Jacobs, Glenn Dobbs, Frankie Albert and Keith Spaith turned the game into basketball in-deeds have swerved their attacks to the slower, more methodical ground game designed to let them keep control of the ball for longer periods.

In the east, the Ottawa Rough Riders imported quarterback Jack Scarbath from the unsuccessful split-T school University of Maryland last season and the Hamilton Tiger-Cats emphasized a variation known as the Belly Series, so-called because of the manner in which the quarterback takes the ball into his ballplayer's stomach as they fly past. Even three years ago when things were going badly for Coach Frank Clair of the Argonauts, Clair insinuated that he was going to incorporate the split-T into his offense as though the words themselves were some sort of panacea. Clair said he would employ Roy Copeland in the key quarterback position. Copeland, long an Argonaut offensive star, had been used chiefly as a defensive halfback by Clair that year and it is recalled that press-box pundits looked forward eagerly to the unveiling of the mysterious split-T word of which had seeped east from Edmonton.

The monumental moment arrived in Montreal in which the Argos, as usual were taking their lumps. Copeland came lounging off the bench and ran into the huddle. They came out of it and lined up with Copeland in the unaccustomed quarterback position. Then



(Advertisement)

FROM THE TYPEWRITER OF MARY WALPOLE

Columnist of the Toronto Globe & Mail

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the ball was snapped and Copeland was lying on the ground with approximately two tons of Alouettes joyously athwart him. They bravely tried it once more, with precisely the same result, and Copeland staggered from the fray.

"Great whooping cranes!" cried a press box pundit. "Is *that* the split T?"

Well, no. It wasn't, however it may have looked on the Argonaut blackboard. This is another key to the Edmonton success, in the words of Bill Earley, formerly of the Notre Dame coaching staff and now general manager of the Argonauts, "you've got to have the horses" meaning that personnel is also important.

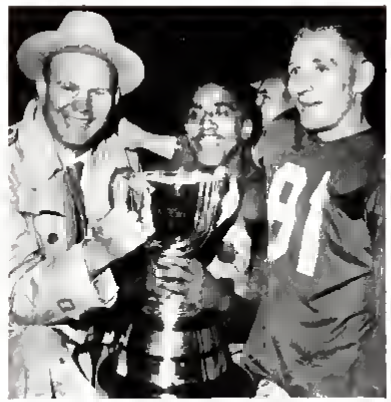
The Eskimos do have the horses. There is a backfield described by almost all sports writers after last year's Grey Cup game as the best ever assembled in Canada. Aside from the genetically unsurpassable Parker, it includes Normie Kwong, a pulverizing runner born in Calgary who is the only Chinese in professional football; Johnny Bright, a burly Negro from Drake University who gained international attention four years ago when his jaw was shattered by a deliberate punch from an opponent anxious to get him out of the game; Earl Lindley, a six-foot two-hundred pounder from Utah who throws left-handed passes because as a boy polio crippled his right hand; and Rollie Miles, a lithe swift Negro from Washington, D.C., who came to Canada as a baseball player and for the past six years has been one of the country's most consistent breakaway runners. These five with their tremendously divergent backgrounds have the *esprit de corps* of college undergrads.

Last year, for example, as the Eskies came up to their final game of the western schedule, Kwong was hailing Winnipeg's Gerry James as the player who had gained the most yards for the season, called rushing. Ordinarily Kwong carries the ball ten or twelve times a game but in this one Parker, the quarterback called Kwong's signal thirty times to give him a greater opportunity to overhaul James. Kwong who is built like a fire hydrant ran with the ball until his tongue hung out and his violent playmates greeted his every return to the huddle with a thump on the butt. It looks the game's quaint mode of approbation. He won the league's rushing honors with fifty yards to spare over James.

"How could I miss?" he enquired later—"with a bunch of guys like that. They were happier about it than I was."

Normie's square name is Lim Kwong Yew. His father took the surname Kwong when he emigrated from China in the early Twenties because as Normie recalls it "the place was crawling with Lims. It was as bad as Smith." Kwong was born in Calgary and played with the Western Conference Stampeders. In 1951 in one of the weirdest football trades ever negotiated the Stimps sent him to Edmonton for a buck named Reg Clarkson who has never been heard from since. Kwong, who is called the China Clipper, got two hundred and fifty dollars for his first season of football back in 1948 when the Stampeders won the Grey Cup and today he reportedly makes twelve thousand a season.

Kwong's teammate Johnny Bright, a handsome heavy-browed giant, was brought to Canada by Calgary four seasons ago after a spectacular college career at Drake University. He was injured a couple of times and the Stampeders, as in the case of Kwong, let him get away to the Eskimos where he was a defensive star when the Esks won the Grey Cup in 1954. Then last season Coach Frank Ivy endeavoring to take advantage of the



Who can get the cup away from them?

Coach Pop Ivy, Rollie Miles and Jackie Parker clutch Grey Cup after Eskimos had won it twice in a row. Will their split T win it again?

fact that Canadian rules permit five backfielders as opposed to four in American football put Bright at fullback along with Kwong. This gave the Esks two pile drivers at the position and pointed up the weakness of many American coaches of Canadian teams who have been unable to adapt that fifth backfielder to their coaching systems. Most of them in the east at any rate simply send the fifth man wide to get him out of the way and then go ahead and play with the fatuous notion man backfield.

At that Bright barely got the second fullback job when Coach Ivy sat down his new offense last season.

"I was undecided between him and Earl Lindley," says Ivy. "It's my opinion that Lindley is the best fullback playing halfback in the game."

Jack Wells, a veteran western football broadcaster from Winnipeg, calls Lindley the most underrated player in the Western Conference.

He can do everything," says Wells. "It's just that men like Kwong and Parker and Miles are more spectacular."

Miles, the oldest Eskimo backfielder in point of service, lives the year round in Edmonton with his wife Marianne and their five children. He's a member of the Lions club chairman of the recreation committee of the Edmonton suburb of Sherbrooke where he lives and in his spare time he coaches a high-school football team in Edmonton. Six years ago he went to Regina to play baseball and then accompanied the Regina team to Edmonton for a ball game. A sports writer happened to remark to the ball club's manager that Miles looked good.

"Yeah, he looks pretty good," agreed the manager, "but you ought to see him play football."

The sports writer relayed this intelligence to Annis Stukus, the Edmonton football coach in 1950 and Stukus quickly contacted Miles and signed him to play.

Stukus had been in Edmonton a year then and he is generally credited with being the man who revived football interest there. The Eskimos had dipped in spectacular fashion in the Western Conference in 1938 and 1939 under an American coach named Bob Fritz but they'd lost money and had quickly withdrawn. In 1949 they tried again and hired Stukus, the garrulous enthusiast from Toronto who had been an outstanding player for the Argonauts. Stukus spent three years in Edmonton and never stopped talking football for a minute of it.

Stukus gave them good football too and the interest he pricked in northern Alberta has swelled to fantastic proportions. From its meagre beginning the club had reached the point where by last April it had already sold 13,500 season tickets to this fall's schedule, which means that come rain, wind or snow the Eskies have already sold that many seats to every one of their home games. The budget has swelled accordingly and by 1954 the gross income had reached $520,957 and expenditures were $500,876 including $264,000 for salaries.

Such statistics tend to explode the theory that split T football is dull football—an opinion held by many, others Bill Earley, the Argonaut general manager.

"I think this is one reason none of the NFL teams use it," says Earley. "It's extremely repetitious but I imagine, since the Eskimos are winning with it, that this is all that matters to the Edmonton fans."

Even Ken Montgomery, an Eskimo director, has moments of doubt about the split T's long range fan appeal. It takes an Einstein with a slide rule in the stands to figure out what they're doing, out there," says Montgomery, currently the president of the CRU. "The split T system Ivy has is too efficient. The game starts, points are scored and nobody can figure out why. The fans want more spectacular football: aerial stuff. We say this to Ivy and he says, 'If I don't win you'll fire me.'"

Around Edmonton, Ivy is no less popular than Stukus, the man who revived football interest there, although he is of a personality that is the direct antithesis of Stukus'. Ivy wouldn't use the daily Stukus wordage output in an entire season but in his solemn way he has the confidence and loyalty of his players. In his unprecedented success of winning two Grey Cups for the west in succession, he has gained the admiration of the customers.

If there is a single word to describe Ivy's methods the word is probably painstaking. He leaves no detail to chance and doesn't burden his players with an exhaustive repertoire of plays.

"It's not so much a question of what plays you run," he says, "as it is how well you execute them." He works his players through his plays in endless repetition to make the execution as nearly perfect as twelve co-ordinated human units can make it.

Even before last year's Grey Cup final Ivy knew he would lose at least six players before the 1956 season rolled around. In most cases the losses were attributable to the U.S. army draft, this is one penalty the Eskimos pay for recruiting young American college graduates. Ivy was thinking of replacements the moment the Grey Cup game was won. He sat off for Miami in December where he saw the North South bowl game and the Orange Bowl game. In the latter he watched the two greatest exponents of the split T in American college football, Oklahoma and Maryland. He was in Montgomery, Alabama for the Blue-Gray game and in Mobile, Alabama for the Senior Bowl game. His assistant coach Ray Prochaska scouted the East-West game at San Francisco, and both of them made calls on coaching acquaintances all over the west and south.

"We asked them for information about the outstanding players in their sections," Ivy explains. "By mid-January we had reduced our list of prospects to around forty or fifty men. Then it was just a matter of trying to sign some of them."

But Ivy does not regard these scouting junkets as the most important part of his preparation for the forthcoming season.

"The difference between winning and losing is how well our Canadian players perform," he says. "They're the backbone of any squad in Canadian football."

To help him produce Canadians Ivy now has coaches in Edmonton using the split T offense in high schools and he holds seminars to brief them on the system's intricacies. He rarely misses a high-school game in Edmonton, where he now lives the year round with his wife and their two children, Lee-Frank, who is thirteen, and Susan, who is nine. Ivy has contacts in eastern Canada too keeping him informed on the abilities of players in the four-team intercollegiate league. One of the best of his recent eastern acquisitions is quarterback Don Getty of the University of Western Ontario, who went to work in Edmonton at a job supplied by the Eskimos, and was tutored by Parker as a split T quarterback last season.

Can Ivy win another Grey Cup? He grins at the question. "Grey Cup," he asks. What about the Western Conference? The calibre of football here in the west is progressing so rapidly that our 1956 team will have to improve in the same ratio as our 1955 team did over our 1954 team."

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London Letter continued from page 6

"Any curiosity as to the female form is satisfied with the aid of a French bathing suit"

politics, but in the art of living she is still supreme.

I am not a Catholic. In fact my grandfather, Alderman John Baxter of Toronto, used to ride in that fair city on a white horse on July 12. He was an Orangeman to the last pip and opposed popery to the end of his days. But what a build the church has in France! For example, my wife and I went to the Catholic church on the Sunday morning of our Deauville visit. It was quite full although the sun was calling everyone to the beaches and to the hills.

There was one girl of about fourteen by herself. She had a dark cloche hat which was the same color and texture as her hair. Her eyes were dark and rather sad and her mouth just avoided a pout. But she had enough personality to supply an entire girls' school. There was not one curve of her eyes or her body that was not distinctively her own. How she has escaped the films I cannot imagine.

Behind her and also by herself, was a stout Irish-looking girl of about twelve. She was as amiable as an apple and her face was in danger of breaking into a smile at any moment. An artist could have painted her and the girl with the cloche hat and called it "Sunshine and Dusk."

After church we went down to the beach and watched the bathers. Whole families were there with excited fathers running into the water to rescue the bedraggled who had no lust of the waves whatsoever. As for the oldest girls, may I make no other comment than to say if there is any lingering curiosity as to the female form divine it will be fully satisfied with the aid of a French bathing suit.

But then France is feminine just as America is feminine whereas Germany and Britain are masculine. Perhaps though I should not have noticed this so soon after church.

So off we went to the Golf Hotel to lunch with our French opponents and their ladies. The normal conception of a French *Député* of parliament is that of a wild-eyed intellectual individualist who is always helping to precipitate a crisis. In fact that eminent American comedian Will Rogers used to say that in London he went to Whitehall to see them change the guard—but in Paris he went in the Quai d'Orsay to see them change the government.

As for demonstrating against Mr. Speaker — which Canadians will understand — they do it daily.

Therefore it was not without interest to find that my golf opponents were men of personality and unpompous dignity. And as always with Frenchmen they were on excellent terms with their wives.

It was somewhat of a shock however to find that my golf opponent spoke no English whatsoever, yet he was an amusing companion on the course. In fact by the end of the match we were chatting like old cronies which is a great tribute to Harbord Collegiate in Toronto where I learned to count in French and realized that a table was feminine but a hat was masculine.

Quite frankly my opponent was not a very good golfer, yet he accomplished a feat that has probably never been equaled on any golf course in the world. *He lost his ball on a putt.*

In fairness it must be admitted that the grass by the side of the fairways was so long and thick that it was almost impossible to find a ball that went into it. Nevertheless his quite amazing feat of losing a ball on a putt has probably never been accomplished before.

His caddy was a stout boy who had no trouble carrying the heavy bag of clubs. By contrast my caddy was a slight girl of about fifteen who had to carry my bag which was by no means light.

Whenever my opponent hit into the long grass which was fairly often the boy caddy would leave his master's clubs with the girl. Thus she would have the two bags on her shoulders in spite of their enormous weight. Again and again I tried to persuade her to let me carry my clubs during this double shift but she would have none of it.

I thought of some of the women I know who would be horrified at the thought of carrying even a mid-iron a few yards. But let us repeat that the glory of France is the female. They are romantics and realists and a joy to the eye.

By staying on the Riviera I managed to defeat my opponent but alas, my colleagues had been less successful. The British parliament went down to defeat not only in golf but in tennis and on the water.

On the way back in London we held a discussion as to how we could repay this annual hospitality of Monsieur André and how we could invite the French parliament to come in sport with the British opposition. One suggestion was that we might hold the tiffin at Brighton on Sea.

We could arrange a banquet in the pavilion where the gluttonous Prince Regent used to conduct his amusements and imports but what could we offer them afterward? The British are inveterate gamblers but gambling is against the law except on race courses.

No doubt we could risk one guest in the amusement park where red-nosed comedians and a few dancing girls put on a show each night but the place is closed at fifteen past. By midnight Brighton is a dull city and the only sound is the lapping of the waves upon the shore.

The casino at Dinard is like the casino at Monte Carlo is a world rallying point. The truest sight is anyone the worse for drink although the bars remain open to the early hours of the morning. We renew old acquaintance and make new friends for a night. The sympathy which unites the living and put on the winning air men of good appearance and complexion instantly. Whatever the hour if you wish refreshments the restaurant room is open.

Let us look at it as a matter of pure economics. By drawing foreign visitors the casino brings money to the hotels and to the shops. It is a winning gamble in many respects. The friendship between all visitors with the resident maker his point understanding. If we Britishers carry ourselves well we gain the respect of our hosts.

But what results from abroad native in London or shall we say in Montreal or Toronto where can they make acquaintance with the local residents?

Perhaps the puritan conscience rebels against unpaid gambling. Yet what is life itself but — gamble! We hazard our gifts and pleasant our brains for the chance of reward. We buy and sell shares on the stock exchange in the hope that our market will turn up.

But the perhaps not friendly feeling toward the casino is partly due to my Freewill Group in the early hours of the morning of 5th June 1940. Luck had not been with me and I was down to my last *mille plaque* — the equivalent of one pound.

I put it on number seven. The croupier shouted "Rien ne va plus" and sent the little ball spinning. "Yes — you are quite right." Seven came up and I was solemnly paid thirty-five thousand francs the equivalent of thirty-five pounds.

Next morning, our same French pilots were in the air but the clouds were low and we had to wait for the mist before taking off. And so in London with its surging streets and its vast reality.

But for the first time I had left part of my heart in France. The shadows are deep on that fair land but as a people they have developed the art of living to a degree unequaled by any other race. It is there all a land of the spirit and of the mind. They do not seek entertainment in a drink but love to talk and enjoy the kindness of companionship. Their courtesy is grave and their manners being in a gracious past.

Each year Monsieur André will renew his invitation to the British parliament to send a team to contest with Deputies from Paris. And each year our MPs will come away with memories not only of the casino and its gala dinners but of the crowded churches, the laughing families on the sun-warmed beaches and good companionship at their French parliamentary opposite.

But why at school in Toronto was I not taught to speak French instead of bothering about its grammar? Words are the universal language of the mind and we can post without them. ★



Lunch hour is rush hour

Here the book that no one's read
What from 9 a.m. we've all fed
We're all nerves down keeps on hopping
Crowding us that extra shopping.
Chasing round for the rare tickets.
Lining up at buffets wicket
Snatching from the plate in
Trying on a hat or two
Greeting friends along the street—
And must be snatch a bite to eat

P. J. Blackwell

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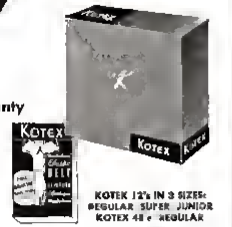


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REGULAR, SUPER, JUNIOR
KOTEX 48 ¢ REGULAR



For the sake of argument continued from page 4

"He changed his wives, not because he didn't love them, but it was good for his literary career"

while I was hoofing it home I'd see them buying a beer for a girl from a rival paper. On my dough! I grew to love them in time, the way you grow to love an old house with a leaky roof because you get used to it. But knowing what I knew, first hand, it seemed illogical to marry them.

I found no success in times of stress either. I remember going to my first hanging. I was in mild sweat but the photographer with whom I went simply pooh-poohed my fears. Finn and good. When the dreadful thing was over he passed out and I had to drive us home through miles of fog. When we got to the office he gave me the number of his bootlegger in a weak voice told me to telephone and when the bottle arrived I had to lock even my watch as collateral. Security! I ask you.

Until I was about twenty-five or more, due to being an immigrant and not having the ordinary childhood ties of family or close neighborhood friendships, my best friends were men. One must say this for them: they more readily accept you even if it's to irritate you. Install you and beat you over the head than do women who want to know which streets you have lived on all your life, which schools you have gone to and why and when do you know. Men are so egocentric that they don't bother about your needs or antecedents. In fact they don't want to hear about these because they want to talk about themselves.

No. 2. I want to talk about you too.

Due to the preceding facts I claim to have a good insight into the male character—ninety percent in his off-hours as to ten percent in his blue-suit mean-shoes moments. When he is friendly he is ruthlessly natural or like a puppy with a can tied to his tail and he is convinced you have nothing else to do except untie it. He takes an awful lot of your time with these eons.

No. 3 you'd have to be free to untie runs every day and night of your life whether you wanted to do other things or not.

Somewhat about this time I graduated into the higher echelons of literature. Also I thought now there will be gentlemen intellectuals people so successful that they will burn over with the milk of human kindness men with enough dough to pay for *my* beer. I was at the time the only woman in this coterie too. So, naturally, I was treated as a dual and dumb object of pity. If I expounded a brilliant idea it was received in cold silence by the great and scoffed at by juniors. I must admit these were all attractive types with clean shirts and some of them were even good looking and unmarried. I studied the married ones to see what my future in this sphere might be.

One a charming man when he was talking about himself or his ideas, was so intellectual at home that his children used to plead with me to ask father to give them a couple of friendly words on Saturdays. (On Sundays they were invited out to their grandparents.) Another one brilliant tall gay was so busy being a success that you'd see him at home perhaps on the third of May each year if you were lucky. Another one liked to change wives on the equivalent not because he didn't love them any more but he thought it was good for his literary reputation. Then there were the ones who really did burn up at home to sleep. Their wives would tell me over our female gin-and-tonic and salad lunch I'd always doubted this, since outside of their literary activities, their hearts seemed to be wrapped around hockey, football and fishing.

"It's a miracle" said a pretty wife of one of them. "Jim was squashed in between his other activities we seem to have managed to get three children."

By now my mind had matured to the point I thought—no one else shared this opinion — where I ought to go to it in Europe. With this decision I got another aspect of the men I'd known all my life. They used to come on business or pleasure trips to the continent and because they spoke with a nostalgic Canadian accent I couldn't have been happier to see them. Sometimes I was almost as happy to see them leave.

Dan McGrew died of the peabassy

Take that cheerful friend who proposed to me blindly over his first Pernod and then went to see Paris on his own. Though he stayed at my hotel I rarely saw him. It took him about a week after which one morning I was presented with a note by the *concierge* wearing a very curious expression. It said "Saw *real* Paris last night. Must be in London this soon. Haven't enough dough to pay the bill. Look after it will you? See you next trip. The *concierge* pointed out dryly that my "friend" had taken his room key with him. Since I was paying his bill he presumed I was responsible.

Then was another loved one, whom I'd taken to a party at a reasonably formal European embassy. After dinner he lay down on the drawing room floor and acted out the Shooting of Dan McGrew. Married him with him I felt would be more strenuous than glamorous.

Occasionally I'd buy a stack of magazines and read fiction stories where "her eyes shone with pride as Michael his own boy from the prairies, held spellbound the learned international audience" —and I'd think of Dan McGrew. Logic told me fiction is based on facts but I began to have my doubts.

Sometimes when something completely farcical happened I thought of the old saw about ignorance being bliss, and wished I didn't know most, if not all, of the signs for all the various kinds of outbreaks. I'd mourn—mourn them o'clocks in the morning—regret the fact I really did not feel ignorant about men. But dawn saw me logical again.

Particularly if the same dawn brought along one of several acquaintances—no friends these—who felt that a trip abroad necessitated a close association with some pink-and-white English girl, a French woman who knew it all, a bikini-clad Italian starlet or a Portuguese *fado* singer at least. If one didn't have these little adventures, they'd expostulate what was the point of traveling? I no longer sought to swerve them from their errant paths nor thought to report to their wives but I was always glad none of them were mine however attractive or rich. If any one of them had belonged to me, I'd have beaten him to pulp when he got home.

No. 4 re marriage you might not be able to attend a staid traditional home.

Surely I still thought that somewhere there must be a combination of companionship, security and glamour walking about in long trousers. I was about to sample glamour. I was not to find an ageing sprayer.

Peculiarly enough some of the most sentimental men are dumb dolls as they are said to be. They will present you with a single perfect flower and join by the rules on the green murmuring woodenly nonsense. They never whispered that they were married which you later found out most of them were.

The Viennese are gay. They will take you to a *Heurige* in the Vienna Woods and sing to you the night through while the new white wine flows. They look picturesque too in their green Austrian jackets and alpine hats. But they'll soon fail to you that they were the original casting because it serves for every occasion—and they can't afford another suit. No security, see?

I knew an Italian count once. He had five brothers—all counts, all dark, slim, charming and rich. I had a choice at the time and it was a difficult choice—until I saw them with racing cars. Then I realized they really didn't love anything but racing cars.

Frenchmen as opposed to their reputation had fun to offer the most security to their wives. They like to make and keep their little nest and they expect their wives to be their right hand in this virtuous struggle. But they keep their glamour for strangers they meet, their friends' wives, and their mistresses. I've seen the most fascinating *bourgeoisies* come home take off their shoes loosen their collars and retire behind "sports" in newspapers. They are hipped on their personal freedom with the least possible amount of freedom for their legal spouse.

Portuguese men spend most of their waking hours in cafés talking, to other Portuguese men who also don't want to go home. Then wives have even less freedom than the French wives. When they propose they don't hold your hand and say you are beautiful or that they love you. They start by telling you all the natural days when Portugal was a world power and end by recalling the fact that Portugal once gave Bombay to an English king, for marrying a Portuguese princess. This doesn't give much incremental value for you to hang onto through all the long, empty hours in your secure Portuguese house—run more or less efficiently by a small army of extremely inexpensive servants.

Of course, the continental man's first strange glamour was overpowering, after the back of the hand I'd been getting from friends and prospects at home all my life. But I'd married in those formative years and I'd become so used to all freedom (which I'd refused to accept for twenty-four hours instead of just ten or twelve) that I was suspicious of charm.

(Part I will come again and found that a new aspect had entered the homelife of my friends; most of them married widowers or bachelors. Favorite evening entertainment appeared to be buffet supper. This was a fabulous treat as compared with the glass of wine that accompanies the conversation of mine of a European evening, with friends. But you didn't see anything of your male fellow guests. These extremely attractive men piled their plates high and retired to a darkened room where they sat munching, grunting and watching a hockey game or a fight on TV until it was time to go home. It happened night after night in the most of homes with the most diverting people present. Apparently brains were for work and not for play.

The I was given to understand would be my home life too: seven nights a week if I proposed and was accepted by a normal free Canadian male of 1956.

I don't claim that no Canadian male has such mind. Why I remember once, buying out a bunch of violets in Paris. Only he forgot it and left it with the barman in a spot where he stopped on his way to fetch me. He told me about it though.

I have no illusions about men, some of them are my best friends. I have long realized that you have to accept them as they are but if you can clearly see a horn in the wall you don't rush to buy the brass, do you? I honestly expect to love and wed and bed men for the rest of my life, for men like unstuffed children they seem to expect such.

But is for proposing to me the leap Year of 1956 do you think I'm mad ★

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Remember when we raved about radio? continued from page 21

"Housewives across the land left the breakfast dishes as they listened to John's Other Wife"

Royal Gelatin. At first Vallee prevented one six-vaudeville or musical-comedy guest-star program but he later set the pattern for the radio variety show by increasing the size of his band, adding a comedy team, a singing group and finally a dramatic sketch. Among the dozens of hits to which he introduced were Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith, Joe Penner, Ethel Merman, Langford, Milton Berle, Jimmy Durante and Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

On Sept. 27, 1931, the Lady Esther Serenade presented Wayne King. The Waltz King, for nationwide fame who had still not gained top hope. This started another trend. Pop-tune interpretations, this man be counted on. Lord Nelson's fingertips, but in radio by 1937 there were 106 regular dance bands. How many still remember Emil Coleman and his theme song, Ad-ev? Dr. Emil Coleman on the Eno Penthouse Party? Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are one of the few bands to bridge the years from early radio to early television, possibly appeal stems from the fact that their style in this same on which Herbert Hoover promised a chicken in every pot.

Before the advent of radio songs lived on for months or years, but radio showed a prodigious appetite for new ballads. Isham Jones' retired songsmith now lives on his royalties in Pacific Palisades, Calif., humming his hit tunes, Swingin' Down the Lane and I'll See You In My Dreams.

The early days of radio belonged to the song writers, Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Billy Rose, Ray Noble, Rodgers and Hart, Ira and Kern and Oscar Hammerstein and Noel Coward filled the air with some of the loveliest songs ever written. But there were also such musical monstrosities as "Three Little Fishes," "A Tisket, A Tasket" and "Flat Foot Floogee (with the floy floy)." The early Thirties, when crooning was the rage, saw a revolution in male vocalists: no longer were the Macnishia tenors top dogs. Art Jarrett—"America's Song Stylist" Arthur Tracy "The Street Singer", Lanny Ross and a Chapleau, Ont., boy called Donald Novis, who performed for The Colgate House Party, were among the tenors tweeting to their twilight at the time. And swirling around in the edge of the high-priced programs were Singin' Sam, The Barbasol Man and Edward McHugh, Your Gospel Singer."

The popular taste had swung to barrel-chested baritones in the 1930's and one of the earliest and best was an Italian boy called Russ Colombo, the prototype of Perry Como. Colombo met a tragic death while cleaning a gun in his apartment and was mourned almost like Valentino by a feminine generation whose hearts had fluttered when he intoned, I'm Just A Prisoner of Love.

In 1930 an alumnus of the Paul Whiteman orchestra, Harry Lillis Crosby by name, became the earliest threat to Rudy Vallee. While Vallee used a megaphone to project his voice, Crosby used a mart in his windpipe to add a musical skip in his baritone. First for Crème Cigars and later for Chesterfield, Woodbury, Kraft and other sponsors. Within a decade Bing Crosby had moved up from the guy tapping the cymbal in the Whiteman Rhythm Boys" to probably the best-known vocalist since Caruso.

In addition to Crosby, Whiteman, who is still around, introduced through his band enough future orchestra leaders, instrumentalists and vocalists to form a symphony orchestra and about. Among them were Ramona, Morton Downey and instrumentalists Jack Teagarden and Eddie Condon.

And then there was Crosby's broadcasting partner in radio popularity, Kate Smith, a fat girl with a warm singing voice, who took North American to her bosom from May 1931 on, when she began to sing for A & P. She and her manager, Ted Collins, held all the shares. In the $300,000 firm of Kate Smith, Inc., corporate entity. In 1936 her sponsors demanded a more elaborate show and her original fifteen minutes was increased to one hour. Once in the depths of the Depression, Kate plugged A & P coffee on an evening show and nursed its sales twenty-five percent to four million pounds a week.

Among the popular radio dance bands of the Empress Engagement passed were Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra—named after Toronto's postcard casino—and Ben Bernie, "The Old Maestro and all the Lads," who gave them all for Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer, who had graduated from Conny Inland's singing waiters to head his band in the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, kept up a crowd-pleasing feud with Walter Winchell for years on the air. Many other dance orchestras reached the top of the radio heap, but it was left to an ever-youthful undergraduate by the name of Fred Waring to show the way to real wealth.

Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians came into the limelight in the days of the "talking" orchestra when any five musicians who could afford identical necktaches and an assault saxophones named their band after the school the trap-drummer had flunked out of. In 1919 Waring formed the Waring Pep Orchestra and this group made its radio debut in 1921 over WWJ, Detroit.

On Feb. 8, 1933, the orchestra, now called Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, appeared on the CBS network sponsored by Old Gold Cigarettes. Before long, Waring was receiving $13,500 a week from a new sponsor, Ford, even when times were at their worst, his band made a million dollars a year. Waring arranged the pace of his program with vocal groups and a glee club. Last spring the Pennsylvanians appeared on Ed Sullivan's TV show where Fred introduced his grown-up vocalist son. A little elderly today for a collegian, Waring must have proved his point by now to the University of Pennsylvania which lasted to give him a place on his glee club nearly forty years ago.

Music was destined to hold its preeminent position on radio, even up to the present day, but by 1930 music and talk were no longer the only sounds heard. New things were garnished the sounds of waves and thunder and doors that creaked and Radio drama was born.

One of the earliest dramatized shows on the air was the La Palina Smoker, sponsored by the Congress Cigar Company on CBS. Cigarette competition had driven La Palina cigar sales down from 600,000 a day to 480,000. After twenty-six weeks of the program, sales reached one million cigars a day.

In 1931, wheedanin were added to radio listening and that year saw the debuts of the Eno Crime Club, Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Fu Manchu, Park Mysteries, The Shadow and Charlie Chan. Then came the soap operas and housewives from Bay Bells to Ivory Inlet let the egg yolk cake on the breakfast dishes as they listened to such serials as Clara, Lu and Em, David Harum, John's Other Wife, Stella Dallas, Just Plain Bill and Ma Perkins. They wrote millions of letters to characters in those soap operas. They were tagged with the name in 1934. One production team alone received seventy-five million letters a year.

Sponsors discovered that adding tears to the dishwater also sold more soap. These daytime stiff budgets used up a budget of forty million dollars a year. Procter and Gamble had as many as seven serials running at once. By the mid-Thirties the average station devoted five hours a day to women's serials.

During 1932-33 daytime listening reached new highs as the networks discovered children and the children's power over their parents. The kids joined radio clubs in hordes, shrieked their gum faithfully while listening to Wheeler & Woolsey, Lone Wolf, Tribe and booed the bad guys and most other adults on Cowboy Tom, Buck Rogers, Little Orphan Annie and Skippy. These serials proved to be too heady a brew for their time—and a reform movement wiped out most of them the following year.

The evening drama shows were always several notches above the daytime serials. Big Town starred Edward G. Robinson and Dr. Christian featured the late Jean Hersholt. Phil Cook, radio's "Man With A Thousand Voices," played thirteen characters over the air in The Quaker Man. He fell into his multi-voice role one night when his garbled failed to show up and he took the other roles as well as his own.

On Oct. 14, 1934, Lux Radio Theatre, one of the best of the dramatic shows, hit the air from New York. At first the program featured movie stars who happened to be in New York but in 1936 it was placed under the direction of Cecil B. DeMille and from then on originated from Hollywood. The show's slogan was "More Stars Than The Milky Way" and over the years it featured almost every name in films. Such stars as Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich received five thousand dollars a performance. (Last winter NBC was reported to have offered Danny Kaye $250,000 to play in six TV specials, which works out to more than $40,000 a show.)

Columbia Workshop, which was to become radio's best dramatic series, lasted only a year.

My most memorable meal—No. 3



A. Y. Jackson recalls

Ten courses . . . and no meat!

I cannot decide between the meal I ate on a special occasion and the meal that was wonderful in itself.

The special occasion was in Tom Thomson's shanty on Seven Sheet in Toronto. Keith MacIver, a prospector who lives there in mid-Wycliffe Lewis and his wife, myself and a couple of friends to dinner.

It was not a banquet but steaks grilled over a coal fire which MacIver could do to perfection. Over a bottle of good Scotch Lewis, usually reserved, got in a reminiscing mood and talked of his experiences with writers and artists we had heard much about. He spoke with a slight drawl, his remarks punctuated with sharp critical comments. He enjoyed himself and we were greatly entertained.

The other meal, the wonderful one was when I was on the staff of the Canadian War Records. Lord Beaverbrook, who was head of it, gave a dinner for his staff, mostly artists, writers and photographers. The dinner was not a meatless day too, perhaps just to show what could be done within the law.

It took place nearly forty years ago so I am a little hazy about it but the dinner started with cocktails, soup and on through ten courses—fish, vegetable, mutton, and a lot of amazing creations: jellies, salads, dessert, appropriate wines, ending with coffee and liqueurs.

Then speeches, mostly eulogies of his lordship. A Scot, he must was asked to speak. Shyly he obviated he got up and said "I can't say anything to praise of Lord Beaverbrook because I don't know anything about him." Then he sat down. Beaverbrook started to laugh. He was led up with all the flattery and that ended the speechmaking.

It was a dinner to remember.

VETERAN A. Y. JACKSON IS A MODERN PIONEER IN CANADIAN PAINTING.





2—Skunking's gear includes [illegible] Hasbe Lake as to keep them afloat. [illegible] things that release in emergencies. The big danger, Strohmeier warned, is being dashed against rocks by the current.



3—A skull cracked me off [illegible] my hands, [illegible] my glasses [illegible] I [illegible] 10 seconds, but not before that numbing mountain water had bitten me against his colder mainstream.

4—"Austria's hospitality to an ex-[illegible] was as warm as ever. I'll [illegible] At the Gasthaus Hasbamhof near the great mystic at Werfen, it even included Canadian Club! Wherever the rivers run white—in bull skiers' enthusiasts. Among them, as among people everywhere, runs Canadian Club's fascinate.

Why this world-wide popularity? It's the full-bodied light-as-air flavour. [illegible] Canadian Club! You can start with it all evening long—in [illegible] before dinner and all [illegible] after. For Canadian Club, yourself and [illegible] who [illegible] served in every table, club, hotel [illegible] the world over.

IN 87 LANDS . . . "THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

"Canadian Club"

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TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

gun In 1936 Among its writers were William Saroyan Lord Dunsany and Archibald MacLeish while the two best radio dramatists in the business Norman Corwin and Arch Oboler were regular contributors.

While serious radio dramas were constantly improving the most popular dramatic shows were still the family situation comedies As far back as 1925 a man and wife vaudeville team Minten and Jim Jordan went on the air in Chicago with a series of skits called The Smith Family presenting the life of an average married couple That show ironically never caught on but by the Dallies the Jordans in another program of similar type had become the best loved couple on the air By 1941 running against "Amos n Andy on another network then show had become the most widely heard in America It was Fibber McGee and Molly Another family situation show originally based on John Galsworthy's Forsyte Saga was One Man's Family which was aired first in April 1932 on KGO San Francisco By May 1933 it was on a coast-to-coast network

In 1927 a young woman named Gertrude Berg talked a radio station manager into giving a script she had written a one performance tryout This tryout clicked into nearly thirty years of The Goldbergs now on TV and showing no sign of ending. In 1929 n Kansas City show business columnist named Goodman Ace devised a radio show with his wife Jane and called it Easy Aces Taking advantage of the contract bridge craze then sweeping America the Aces wrote their comedy around a man and wife bridge partnership One of their early shows had to be halted as the laughter of the studio audience drowned out their dialogue. Easy Aces made the Aces a one performance tryout This tryout clicked into nearly thirty years of The Goldbergs now on TV and showing no sign of ending. In 1929 n Kansas City show business columnist named Goodman Ace devised a radio show with his wife Jane and called it Easy Aces Taking advantage of the contract bridge craze then sweeping America the Aces wrote their comedy around a man and wife bridge partnership One of their early



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Between them Gosden and Correll two white men not only spoke the parts of Amos and Andy but also between 1928 and 1940 played a total of 156 supporting voices Gosden played Brother Crawford Kingfish Stevens Lightnin and Prince Ali Bendo as well as Amos Correll played Henry Van Porter and The Landlord besides Andy and a host of other characters. Those who failed to hear Amos n Andy in their heyday cannot realize what a phenomenon they were. Thousands of sympathetic listeners sent presents, including a refrigerator and a mink coat to the imaginary Madame Queen when she was thrown over by Andy Brown The program created the largest steady listening audience in radio history "Check n dunble check" was incorporated into the language and millions of quite rational fans waited in agonized suspense when Ruby Taylor lay dying Madame Queen's evil against Andy became a national topic and the Amos trial for murder "Dat ol' battle axe" was transferred mentally from the Kingfish's mother in law to thousands of real life mothers-in law while they perhaps took a good look at their sons in law were muttering "Use regulate!"

Among the hard to-classify programs of the Thirties was Robert Ripley's Believe It Or Not which should have waited for television but didn't Instead the listener had to depend on his hearing and his faith to tell whether or not Zara Aga whom Ripley claimed was 156 years old really was or that a chunken head which he could neither see feel nor hear was not just a dried apple with a toupee

A long-time mediums man named Marion Sayle Taylor formerly a "Sociological educator" on the Chautauqua and Lyceum vaudeville circuits began broadcasting in 1922 In 1928 he adopted the title "The Voice of Experience" and by the early Thirties he was receiving more than 75,000 letters a month from people in trouble from neurotics and from frustrated homewreckers He also sold more than a million do-it-yourself emotional-mending books, and eight million so-called pamphlets

Mine Mallowings were also won by a number of newscasters and analysts who lauded them reports with strong personal opinions Boake Carter the only top American commentator with a British accent used to snarl at everything from the U S army in the rights of labor Organized labor began picketing Lowell Thomas who once received 288 000 telegrams from listeners after a newscast won the wordage race from his eye-patched rival the late Floyd Gibbons with two hundred more words per fifteen-minute broadcast

The years 1934-36 were the years of indeed big money and on Sept 18 1935 Variety headlined RADIO'S STRONG FORECAST All Industries Point To Coin The three major U S networks NBC CBS and Mutual grossed $85,000 000 among them that year

Jell-O made his reputation

Between 1930 and 1936 radio announcers became personalities. Billy Hay the Amos n Andy announcer was soon almost as well known as his program characters, and Jimmy Wallington became a straight man for Eddie Cantor Maurice Chevalier Georgie Jessel Jack Benny Milton Berle and George Price The sports announcers Graham McNamee on NBC and Ted Husing on CBS became synonymous with sports broadcasting Milton Cross came to be looked up to as an opera expert from announcing the Metropolitan Opera programs and he is nice and dull announces operas. Another famous name was Don Wilson who made his reputation on the Jack Benny show for Jell-O and who is still feeding jokes on TV about his weight

The big comedy variety hours that Rudy Vallee had first introduced became the milestones in the listeners week Eddie Cantor who had been given his break by Vallee helped Burns and Allen Teddy Bergman and Georgie Givot on his shows Cantor reached a radio audience of millions and was sponsored in turn by Texaco Chase and Sanborn and Pebeco Jack Benny who has outlasted most of his comedian competitors was sponsored by Canada Dry then a relatively unknown ginger ale Benny's wife Mary Livingstone played on the show then as she does today along with Benny's valet Rochester and Sam Hearn who played Schlepperman

Jack Pearl as Baron Munchausen was no early radio invention. His "Vos you dere Charlie!" became an international catch phrase Two other clowns were Ed Wynn and Joe Penner Penner's "Wanna buy a duck?" soon grated as much as Munchausen's question usually from being repeated by every crazy who had been allowed within hearing distance of a radio set

Fred Allen who died last winter came to radio from vaudeville and introduced his own brand of dry humor His program changed almost as often as his sponsors Linit Ipana and Sal Hepatica Town Hall Tonight consisted of his newsreel that "sees all shows nothing" in a half-hour minstrel show and a dramatic sketch featuring his wife Portland Hoffa and the zaniest cast of characters ever cast in a padded cell

Another comedian of the pumpkin school was Bob Burns, "The Arkansas Traveler" who appeared first on the Vallee show and later with Bing Crosby Burns is probably the only comedian in history to have a unique named after one of his props the bazooka" The original instrument on which he produced music of a sort was constructed from a piece of pipe baling wire and what appeared in pictures to be a plumber's plunger Burns humor was a combination of shaggy dog and cracked barrel ole would say "And when the dynamite hit pig of onions ate blew up it wrecked two barns tore a fifty foot hole in the ground and broke every pane of glass for six miles round I tell you for a couple of days that was a mighty sick pig

The musical revue and the comedy variety show had pushed the thriller cheaper programs inside by 1935 In February of that year there were nineteen mystery shows on the air every week. Besides such favorites as Allen Benny and Cantor there were the original dramatic shows such as the Maxwell House Showboat with Helen Jepson and Lanny Ross and reprimed by Charles Winninger Although Showboat had been changing along the radio lanes for years by 1933 it had climbed to third on the popularity polls after Benny and Cantor

The age of the radio TV quiz was launched in the mid Twenties with Ask Me Another over WJZ Hartford Connecticut



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but only came into its full flowering on the networks in the mid-Thirties. The big secret of the quiz craze that it allowed the listener to share in the show at least vicariously. Among the early quiz shows were Professor Quiz and Take It Or Leave It. Dr. I. Q. on his program...shouted up to the balcony..."Give the little lady a big box of Snickers!" The quiz shows also added three phrases to the radio listener's language...misleading. You'll be so-o-o-o-orry!" and "That's the sixty-four dollar question."

On Dec. 18, 1934, Variety, the show business paper headlined "AIR ADOPTS AMATEUR NIGHT"—Bowes Big Success, Others Copy." The Bowes referred to was Major Edward Bowes, a pompous impresario with watery eyes and dewlaps. Bowes, who also led a Sunday morning show called The Capitol Family, after the Capitol Theatre of which he was manager, had begun his amateur show over WHN, a comparatively small New York station, taking it to the NBC network in April 1934.

By 1936 the Major Bowes Amateur Hour had acquired Chrysler as a sponsor and moved to CBS. It caught public fancy as no other program since Amos 'n' Andy. Though narrated in the populistic polish for March 1935, it led them by March 1936. Edward Bowes had become the highest-paid person in show business in 1935...with an income of a million dollars a year. His son-in-law Ted Mack still carries on a semblance of the program as "The Original Amateur Hour."

Bowes, the had pinked up the military talk, blessing a New Jersey supply depot in World War One, received many grovelling nymphany than anyone in the history of show business except Louella Parsons. While he was raking in a fortune, the amateurs enticed to New York by his show were sleeping in doorways and begging in the streets. Those who made the show and were prewarned they were to "get the gong" received ten dollars, and the other contestants a five dollar bill. But all had a good dinner given to them after the show."

Those chosen as members of the Major Bowes Traveling Units were little better off and knew that "Major Bowes Amateur Unit No. 6 is stranded in Sauk Centre, Minnesota" became a joke—and a disgrace. A very few of the amateurs went on to fame and fortune—the only one that comes to mind is Frank Sinatra. Bowes used to say in a voice that dripped with emotion and insincerity, "The wheel of fortune spins. Round and round she goes, and where she stops, nobody knows!"

If radio disillusioned a few dozen ambitious amateurs, it was on the other hand a real boon to thousands of shut-ins to whom it brought entertainment and religious consolation. Many churches were in fact quick to make use of radio—and to defend themselves against radio's adverse effect on churchgoing. One Philadelphia church in 1936 moved its Sunday morning service ahead to six o'clock to accommodate those who wanted to get home to hear Eddie Cantor. The May-at-home public was given radio sermons by such eminent preachers as Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Judge Rutherford, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and evangelist Billy Sunday, who before his death in 1935 broadcast from the Bowery Mission.

The clergyman with the biggest radio audience of all, however, was Father Charles E. Coughlin of Royal Oak, Mich., who wrote in his newspaper Social Justice that democracy was a mockery that months the wind and lightnings every effort on the part of an honest people to establish a government for the welfare of the people." He once cried over the air: "The only source of truth is Father Coughlin!"

Millions of people who were Father Coughlin's enemies never missed tuning him in, and his League of the Shrine of the Little Flower" numbered sixteen million followers. When he joined forces with Senator Huey Long of Louisiana in the summer of 1935, thousands of Long's "Share the Wealth" clubs sprang up overnight with a combined membership of more than twenty million. The radio network recognized Long as a phenomenal showman and gave him air time without charge. He used to open his programs in his own pure drawl saying, "Hello folks, this is Huey Long speaking. I want you to do me a favor: go to the telephone and call up five of your friends and tell 'em Huey Long is on the air."

The only radio speaker who could outdraw Long or Father Coughlin was then avowed enemy President Franklin D. Roosevelt. FDR's Fireside Talks from the first one he made in the spring of 1933 calmed a bewildered and panic-stricken people...and pandered the Longs and Coughlins.

By 1936 radio had settled down to a period of expansion as this continent climbed up from the economic depths that had done so much to spawn this entertaining phenomenon. Radio has not finished climbing, yet. In spite of TV there are more radio sets being sold than ever before. The gross revenue of the big American networks has almost doubled since 1937 to $137,658,000.

To those who remember radio when it was great entertainment its big years were the early ones between 1930 and 1936. When we look back on it nostalgically we think of some of the old favorites who are gone for good: Joe Penner, Chic Sale, Little Jack Little, Fred Allen, Will Rogers or Major Bowes. At one time we seemed to know them better than we knew the people down the street.

And as George Gobel (who was never a radio star) says even our TV on Saturday nights: "You can't hardly get them kind no more." ★

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We adapted a family of criminals continued from page 17

"Dick bent over me, hands around my throat, fingers tightening"

I was thankful when Petrie took his allegiance anywhere changed his name and left the province.

Sometimes the fear was more personal. Once, we had a patient in our home for several weeks. When my husband no longer had Dick working by himself in the house as a trusty but was trying to help him find a job, almost imperceptible sounds began to scream through. When the psychiatrist who was looking after Dick allowed to say his patient was beyond help with his mania directed particularly against me but also against our daughters, we were frightened.

Fear is the very worst feeling to show." my husband warned us. "He's very perceptive, so you'll all have to try not even to *feel* fear. We'll all try to be as natural as possible until we can get him committed to the mental hospital."

It was the week-end, and nothing could be done until Monday morning. It meant that my husband and I would have to keep awake or at least take turns keeping awake until that time. Sunday night I fell asleep on the chesterfield and wouldn't rouse when my husband tried to waken me. He sat down on a chair opposite me and slept restlessly, too.

He wakened to find Dick bending over me, his hands around my throat. Oddly enough, I didn't waken even then. My husband spoke quietly but firmly but Dick didn't hear. The veins of his neck swelled, his wrists were strong. Then the touch of his friend and his fingers continued to lighten. My husband realized that if he shouted at me in my way startled Dick it might be the end of me, so he kept speaking in a quiet steady voice.

Dick. Go to bed. Go to bed. Do you hear me, Dick? Go to bed.

And after what must have seemed an eternity, his words reached Dick, his grip loosened, he straightened and with a dazed look went to bed. He had no later memory of that event, though he has had to be told about it. After several years in the mental hospital Dick was turned and came back to visit us.

"I know I must have, but I can't believe I really tried to hurt Mrs. Phillips," he said to my husband. "You know I'd never want to hurt anyone belonging to you. You've been my only friend."

How often men and women too have said that to my husband— You've been my only friend."

Most unlucky people are lucky in a way the rest of us cannot understand. We understand what it means to be lonely, some or more someone but theirs is an encompassing loneliness. Regardless of the number of people about them, even when they are loved or not these people live in an arid waste land emotionally isolated. The chaplain's job was to complete the waste land make his parishioners feel that someone truly cared both for their immortal beings and for their immortal souls.

"Vengeance is mine—I hesitate"

My husband believes in endowing with a peculiarly expensive mechanism that permits people to meddle the most horrid drinks of their lives to him with the certainty that his confidences will be received with understanding, rather than condemnation. His whole attitude is based on the gospel teaching that Christ hates the sin but not the sinner, and that man should do the same. He believes that more society seeks to rehabilitate its anti-social population rather than to exact vengeance, prisons and penitentiaries will begin to empty and human that way save for the small percent of psychotics who should properly be the problem of the psychiatrist and neurologist.

It is this attitude of my husband's, his belief that vengeance is anti-Christian, that makes him condemn capital punishment. Or that is one reason. Another is that he does not believe it to have the deterrent value—and statistics bear him out—for almost all murders are committed by men and women driven by a set of circumstances that forced them beyond the limits of their self control or by people whose mental or emotional composition puts them in the category of not responsible. Also his experience has taught him that many even among murderers—can be rehabilitated. Among men found guilty of murder whom he helped during their trials and afterward there are several now living well adjusted normal lives.

One man was an alcoholic, though no one had ever told him so and he'll never been in trouble with the law. His name was Sam and he was a Negro. One day he was walking down a Montreal street with a white woman when a white man called both Sam and the woman vile names. He even crossed the street to make the attack more direct. Sam was not too drunk not to know he and his friend were being insulted. He whipped out a knife. In the ensuing fight the white man was killed. Sam was charged with murder. My husband was partly responsible for having the charge reduced and Sam went to the penitentiary instead of the gallows. There he joined AA and learned to think "dry." Today a member of AA and a "dry drunk" with a lifelong understanding of himself as a man and as a Negro in a white community, Sam is "outside" an asset and not a liability to society.

Another man, a homosexual, killed his lover during a quarrel in the months preceding. I was told my husband came to know him well. He found him an intelligent, talented—and very confused. But my husband believed that once. Tom's terrific personal problem was untangled he would make a decent citizen. My husband went with Tom's lawyer to the members of the jury after Tom had been sentenced they carried a petition asking that the crown reduce the sentence. Every juryman signed. The crown consented and the sentence was reduced. Tom is free now, understanding that if he is not as other men, he can control his emotional problem that his main channel of temper is not rather than have it abuse him.

Another lad a mere boy helped to commit a brutal murder" at the news paper called it. A terrified repentent youngster who couldn't understand why he had come to kill his liked long hours with his chaplain. A sense of insecurity of inadequacy because he had a brilliant mind with whom pungent mischievers and others compared him unfavorably had driven him to associate with boys who admired him—or seemed to. And so from gang, to murder in one uneasy tangled lesson. All Larry needed to straighten him out was a sense of being worthy. He was ashamed of his real talent until my husband linked him into testing it. At the penitentiary he was permitted to enroll in a correspondence school art course and since his release earns a good income as an artist.

These are the happy incidents. These were order created out of chaos. The others I can scarcely bear to think about even now. I think my husband died a little bit with each man who was executed. The months of appeal played almost as much havoc with him as with the condemned men. Often he stayed with them until eleven or even midnight, playing checkers, talking, and in two cases teaching the boys—they were scarcely out of their teens—to read for they had never learned. One night his first pupil

Death is so final so complete and these men had dealt death. But I wonder how many of those who demand the death penalty would like to be in the chaplain's place to live in the chaplain's house during those months before the execution or to go through the final agonizing hours with the prisoner or with his family. We all shared the agony.

How was Bill (or Tom or Harry) today? was our first question when I came home. We knew those men second hand as it were and in a strange way we were their friends.

I find as though I know your family—as though they were my friends, one young man told my husband only a short while before he was to die. What will they be doing now?"

Thinking of you—praying for you Johnny.

That makes it easier—to know more people care what happens to me. And to my soul" he added.

"Don't feel ashamed of crying"

My husband felt very badly about Johnny's. Him he felt that Johnny did not deserve to die that if he'd had even half a chance he'd have made a fine honorable man—that if he were given half a chance even then he would make a good honest citizen. But he had to die.

During the procession to service that comes just before the execution my husband was so moved tears flooded his eyes and choked his voice. Tears are foreign to him and he turned his head, inside ashamed that he should show such weakness before a boy who needed support and strength. Johnny rose and took his arm.

Don't feel ashamed of crying, Mr. Phillips. I know how you feel. I could cry myself," he said.

On another occasion my husband said to a condemned man "You're amazing, Steve—you're as steady as a rock.

I know how you feel about me and about this, Mr. Phillips. I know you believe me when I say I'm not guilty of murder—so I know what you're going through for my sake tonight. I want to make it as easy for you as I can.

My husband believed Steve guilty of manslaughter, not murder. I believe that Steve's execution was one of the factors in making him accept his present position as chaplain at the penitentiary where there are no executions. I think he felt he could not face another execution, not when he grew so close to the man and had to walk with them into the night to the blank hood and the swift descent at the end of a rope. His abhorrence of the rope is deep-rooted, for he links that death so with my mother's death penalty, hanging, is preferable to the other two forms of execution most common on this continent — the gas chamber and the electric chair. These his experiences have convinced him are far more horrible.

We always stayed up until he came home after an execution. That was never until two or three o'clock for the exe-

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curious occurred at about half an hour after midnight. Wind make him ira and we'd look at each other. The black circles that ringed his eyes for days seemed to cover his face, and his cheeks looked haggard and sunken, as though he had been ill for many months.

And then the phone would ring. When the dread man had initiatives and my husband would drill his train pitiful story and the house would grow still and cold as though that terrible swinging, body were in our midst.

It wasn't death that weighed so upon the chaplain he had seen—and dealt—death at a teen-age private in World War I, he had sat at the bedside of the dying in many years of parish work, he had seen violent and unnecessary deaths. It was, I am sure the indignity of a man's dying, an outrage from society and most of all the weight of society's vengeance which he had to bear — he society's Christian representative.

He felt it, too, with regard to his work among the inmates — that as a Christian he was not fulfilling his duty. He tried to straighten out problems to give the men and women being released something to work on and when they were out they came to him for encouragement for advice—and for innumerable naps of tea. Right from the beginning, his most frequent remark was "If only there were something I could do, something practical."

That something became a reality when a young woman of thirty who had been fifteen years a prostitute approached him after the service at Fulham one Sunday in 1945.

You talk about rehabilitation she reproached him. "How can I rehabilitate? When I leave here next Tuesday, I'll have a streetcar ticket and the clothes I stand up in. I've no friends, no home, no money. How can I go straight?"

My husband came home and told us what Sandra had said. Then he waited.

Why don't you bring her here? I suggested.

It will mean an extra person to feed and clothe. She'll have to have cigarettes, money for movies — and we're barely getting by now. It won't be easy."

It wasn't. It took him ten hours, twenty streetcar tickets and forty cups of coffee to get Sandra from Fulham to our place. Every few steps she'd insist on getting off the streetcar and mind say, "It's no use. We might as well quit now. They don't really want me."

Patience, persuasion, kidding and anger finally enabled my husband to get her to our place. She would have left without taking off her coat if it hadn't been for the gush and Stewart. They greeted her so wholeheartedly as though she were a prized friend—as indeed she became—so she was left in no doubt about her welcome.

Sandra was a prostitute by force of circumstance. She was an alcoholic because alcohol enabled her to live with herself. Here was one of the two worst cases of alcoholism we encountered in our work and at that time we had not heard of Alcoholics Anonymous. But we did our best. Sandra was one of the family. Our life was her life, our problems hers, and her problems ours. Her struggle to remain sober took a courage it would be difficult to beat.

"Jus' one drink—please"

Her need for a drink was so fierce it made her drunk—what we called a dry drunk. Her tongue would swell her eyes become foggy, her speech almost unintelligible. She would stagger as though she were intoxicated all the while moaning, "Jus' one drink—only one drink. For God's sake, Mr. Phillips, jus' one little drink. Please."

Often she eluded us and disappeared. We would watch the streetcar stop from our window until one or two in the morning, hoping she would be coming home. Later the phone crying, to say she was in some dive or other and would we please get her. This went on month after month. She would be sober for weeks, sometimes months, get a job—then she was drunk again.

Once after a long period of sobriety, she disappeared for several days. We tried all the night spots we knew. The frequented without success, then decided we'd have to wait until she contacted us. She returned one night when both my husband and I were out. When we got in we found a taxi driver drinking in the living room. Sandra sobbing drunkenly and clinging to Gordon, who was sitting on the chesterfield in her dressing gown looking both frightened and determined. My husband threw the taxi driver out and we forced Sandra to drink black coffee.

I think one of the happiest moments of our life was when Gordona was Sandra's bridesmaid and we saw her launched on the final stages of a successful rehabilitation.

When the other women at Fulham learned about Sandra some of them asked for the same opportunity. When we had five girls staying with us at the same time I said to my husband, "Well you certainly can't complain about not doing something practical now."

We turned one of the bedrooms into a dormitory with army bunks, everybody were secondhand clothes, my husband smoked roll-your-owns, which he shared with our guests and we lived on stew and macaroni.

Bills mounted until I was afraid to add even a loaf of bread to our high-enough grocery account at the grocer's until payday. But we felt we simply couldn't give up. We were having more success than we had dreamed possible, we couldn't give up and turn our gush who had begun to make good.

We adopted a cheerful attitude about our financial difficulties most of the time. My husband called me "One-up-manship of the bailiff Phillips." We owed money everywhere—but our girls were turning into good citizens, getting jobs and keeping them, and getting married. A group of interested people loaned money to some of the girls for schooling, business courses and for other reasonable needs. A wealthy philanthropist sent one young girl to private school for a year. A doctor friend gave medical care to the girls without charge, and he will give several of them employment at different times.

That not everybody appreciated our efforts was brought home to us very vividly by a terrifying experience.

Charlotte the second girl we took into our home was fourteen, but looked twenty. We had a great deal of trouble with her for seven or eight months but she had settled down so well that she was allowed to go out alone occasionally.

One night she went to a movie. My husband was at the prison with a man whose execution was to take place shortly. I was in the living room and the children were in bed. Suddenly I heard a violent argument on the stairs just outside our living room door which opened into the outside hall of the apartment building. I recognized the voices of two of our neighbors, a mother and her son. They quarreled often, but I was terrified when I heard the son scream, "Don't be a fool! Put away that gun!" My terror increased when I heard a wild pounding on the door and Charlotte crying, "Let me in Mrs. Phillips. Let me in!"

I rushed to the door and opened it. The son was standing between Charlotte and his mother. A gun was in her hand pointed at Charlotte. The son's voice was desperate as he begged, "Don't, Mother! For God's sake, don't shoot!"

Charlotte fell into the apartment as the woman screamed, "Get that damned prostitute out of this building!" Open the door, you coward. I'm going to kill the whole Phillips family and clean this place up.

Charlotte, safely inside, reached down from her greater height for me to take her into my arms. Her face was suddenly a little girl's face, crumpled with fear.

The others came trembling into the living room, white-faced.

Don't you think you'd better phone the police?" asked my practical twelve-year-old Kathleen.

Police hadn't entered my mind. Before I could think words sounded in the street. Somebody behind the firmly closed doors of the other apartments had had more sense than I.

We all huddled around the darkened window to watch Charlotte's attacker being hauled off by two husky policemen. As a parting shot, she kicked at my husband who was coming up the walk.

Though Charlotte did eventually rehabilitate, that evening's episode set her back many months.

During the ten years my husband was prison chaplain, we kept fifty-five women and seventeen men in our home. All the men but one rehabilitated, and twenty



From "Catch-all" to Family Fun Centre

by Cam Forrest



LOOKED HOPELESS after Ivy Bol His basement had exciting possibilities.

HALF a dozen of our neighbours have built a rumpus room in their basements. They all agree that no other project they've worked on has been so worthwhile. It seems like a lot of work — but it sure pays off in added enjoyment.

One built extra bedrooms in the basement for a growing family. The others needed either a game room, a work shop — or a family fun centre. That's what Jack Lyons down the street wanted. We drew up plans together and then got to talking about materials.

"Look, Cam," he said. "You know we can't go into expensive panelling. How can we get a decent looking rumpus room at reasonable cost?"

Right away I suggested he use PV Hardboards. What with Supreme-tex, Perfo Board, Acro Board and Plank Board, there's one suited to every need. They're inexpensive, easily worked, and take a lovely paint finish. PV Hardboards are tough and permanent too—they'll take hard wear for years and never show a mark.

Sure enough, Jack and his wife went ahead and built their family fun centre. I'll like to discuss some of the problems they came up against and their solutions.

Getting the Basement Ready

The Lyons' home was properly drain tiled when it was built so dampness wasn't a worry. Jack brushed on a precautionary coat of waterproof paint on the walls and floor. Then he replaced his naked pull chain lights with modern fixtures.

Up Goes the Ceiling

Both Jack and his wife agreed that PV Supreme-tex was just right for the ceiling. It comes in sheets to handle 4'x8' panels patterned in either 12" or 16" squares. These squares are formed by precision-cut grooves which, as well as being decorative, hide virtually all nail and nail-point joints invisible.



The Lyons chose the 16" pattern Supreme-tex. Working light they first strapped across the ceiling joists every 16" with 1"x4". Then they nailed short fill-in pieces of 1"x1" right on the joists between the strapping.

(For the 12" pattern Supreme-tex strapping goes across the joists every 12". But fill-ins are needed only every 4' apart.) The idea is to support all panel edges.

Jack says the ceiling went up in short order and was ready to paint — and he's really enthusiastic about its smart appearance.

And On Goes The Floor

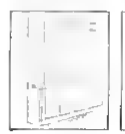
Jack installed an all 8' basement when he built — high enough to allow for a proper built-up floor.

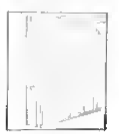
2"x4" "sleepers" went across the concrete every 16" on centre. Jack shimmed these as required to provide a level base for a solid run of PV fir plywood. Extra 2"x4" gutters installed where necessary to support panel ends. The ¾" underlay grade plywood finished a tough, solid fitting floor — an ideal base for practically all finish flooring.

If you're building in a low basement, better paint the concrete or lay asphalt tile directly on it.

Walls Left to the End

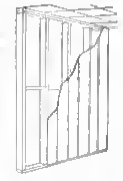
Jack's basement was pretty much average — one solid concrete 8'





wall, the ultra part concrete and part stone wall. There are two ways of framing the latter as the diagram suggests. Enough to refinish floor, stud wall such as Jack put in goes up much faster and looks finer than the stepped type.

Over this framework of 2"x 4s", the Lyons used Plank Board in PV Hardboard specially designed for use on walls. Plank Board comes in two types, vertical grooves 16" or 8"-apart. The grooves conceal both nail holes and panel joints.



If you're thinking of remodeling in some way, I'd recommend you ask your builder to get for those free publications "The Homecrafter's PV Hardboard Handbook" and "PV Build It Yourself Project No. 6 Basement Rooms." They're both packed with ideas and details about PV Hardboards and their application. If your dealer can't supply them, write to:

Canadian Forest Products Ltd.,
Dept. FS, Box 1010, New Westminster, B.C.

two of the women. It was done with very little money, with no luxuries and often without necessities. If we had very few physical comforts to offer, we had something our guests needed a great deal more: a sense of belonging. Actually they weren't guests, they were part of our family. We shared both what we had and the doing without; we gave them our interest, affection and friendship. When they were rebellious, when they refused to co-operate, my husband scolded them as he would the children; when they did well, he praised them and always he encouraged them. There seemed no end to his patience. Even when he was in hospital—a wound received when he was in the navy caused him a great deal of suffering and necessitated several operations during those ten years—his permission went to him with their problems.

Now those busy, exciting, satisfying years are past. The children have grown up and gone their separate ways, and for two years my husband has been the Protestant chaplain at the federal penitentiary at St. Vincent de Paul. Here sentences range from two years to life. In many ways it is a more heartbreaking job. In the provincial jail where sentences are never over two years, hope was a big factor. Here, where a man is faced with five, ten, twenty, thirty years or with life imprisonment, despair is a big factor.

In Bordeaux a man might reasonably expect his wife to wait two years. In the penitentiary a man is not unreasonable if gloom settles on him when his wife misses one or two mails—fifteen or twenty years is a long time for a wife to remain faithful and loving when she has only one overheard, overseen visit with her husband once a month lasting just half an hour and receives four letters a month. It is difficult to prove to a man that fidelity is stronger than absence, disgrace and lonesomeness, even when the evidence is there. Solitary hours in which to brood can bring with them a horde of evil images. Bitterness digs deep when this kind of fear is constant.

But the work has its compensations. My husband is liaison officer for the English-speaking groups of Alcoholics Anonymous, and censor for their magazine Crosstown. He has the highest respect for the organization; he knows how much it did for the alcoholics we were trying to help; how much credit should go to it. He also is a charter member of the Montreal Narcotics Anonymous and liaison officer for the nascent inmate NA group. He writes letters and makes phone calls and sees the inmates' relatives, and men still come to see him upon their release. The commissioner gave permission for us to train the Protestant choir and we have had several successful broadcasts. He also gave permission for me to read and criticize the prisoners' creative writing that my husband brings home, and one or two very promising talents have materialized.

People still say, "Aren't you terribly depressed by your work? Doesn't it have a bad effect on your family?"

To the first my husband replies, "There is enough good resulting from my work to relieve any temporary feeling of depression." Our three very normal children are his answer to the second.

Certainly they lived in an abnormal atmosphere and learned the facts of life from very active secondhand experience; certainly they saw life in its rawest, most tragic aspects. But their own family ties were normal. And perhaps most important of all, they were assisting in a constructive experiment; for even where they saw failure they saw a valiant attempt being made. As their father told them, "At least their [illegible] only social attitudes are modified to some extent for part of the society they resent accepted them on equal terms."

Today Stewart and Gordona are working in northern Anglican Indian and Eskimo missions and Kathleen is the mother of a fine seventeen-month-old son.

Last spring we were all home together for the first time in three years: my stepson Bob (who was married and a father in 1944 and so had little part in our experiment), his wife Alli and son Terry; Kathleen and her husband Wilson and their son Phillip; Gordona and Stewart. When it came time for Gordona to leave again for the north, we all went to the station together. I had promised there would be no tears from me and when I felt them rise I turned away with a muttered excuse about getting a book for Gordona. The station was crowded with Italians newly arrived from Europe.

Someone touched me on the arm—a short, dark, young man with a pleasant face.

"Hello, Mrs. Phillips." He waited for my reply, then rushed on. "I used to see you coming in to play the organ up there (with a toss of his head in the direction of Bordeaux) but you wouldn't know me. How's Mr. Phillips?"

"He's fine." I pointed him out over the throng of people.

"I'd like to talk to him but I'm meeting a woman who just got off the boat train. Tell him Tony said hello. And tell him I'm going straight." I said I was glad to hear it and we shook hands.

Tony held mine a moment to say, "You know I'm not his religion, but I think he's a swell guy. We all do—all the guys who go up there." ★

For cooling refreshment . . .



LOOK INTO CRYSTAL

When mowing the lawn has put a real thirst in you, it's unmistakably time to [illegible] cool calm and collected with a Labatt's Crystal Lager Beer. Better than ever, Crystal is relaxing. It's clean thirst-quenching, clean tasting sparkle will crisp you up in a jiffy, change you from wearying wilting weariness to an all-over freshness.

Labatt's CRYSTAL LAGER BEER



The revolution that's changing your shopping habits continued from page 13

You'll be wooed by screen stars, tempted by smell, shop by TV and eavesdrop on Santa Claus

passes the bacon display, she will sniff the unmistakable aroma of sizzling bacon and be tempted to buy some.

Forty-five synthetic smells have already been developed, including hickory-smoked ham, perking coffee and the scent of freshly laundered shirts for the detergents counter. There are even separate odors for sweet and dill pickles. Albert Edelstein, the American merchandiser who is pioneering smell marketing, preaches nose stimulation with this undeniable gospel: "If you don't want to see a display you can close your eyes. But I defy you to stop breathing."

High-fidelity pleas by the familiar voices of leading screen and television personalities, coming out of concealed speakers, will describe the merits of flour wet and strawberry jam. "Pictures of the stars can no longer do the job alone," says Max Buck, advertising and promotion director for NBC, which is preparing to market the records.

As an extra sales tool, today's long display cases will be regrouped and angled so that the customer will not be able to stroll around without bumping into the many self-moving exhibits demonstrating the application of new products. Packages will be treated with fluorescent inks and illuminated by hidden "black light" lamps, to give them an inward glow.

Package designers predict that wrappings will be able to answer all the questions formerly asked sales clerks. The package that does not sell itself effectively will quickly be replaced by a faster moving line. Package lettering types will get bigger to accommodate the short-sighted shopper, for a recent Canadian survey found that twenty-three percent of women who usually wear glasses are too vain to wear them while shopping.

Package designs for almost every commodity will be remodeled. Cigars and pipe tobacco will be frozen to maintain their fresh aroma. Butter will come in quarter-pound rigid foil containers, reusable as dishes. Bacon will be sold in continuous rolls drawn out from its carton like tape. Toothpastelike tubes will be used for meat paste.

Probably the most startling packaging innovation is the shell-less egg. A method has already been developed for marketing eggs in transparent polyethylene bags, which eliminate breakage and extend freshness. The egg can be boiled in its unique covering, and a plastic tape not unlike that on a cigarette package is used to open it.

These imaginative wrappings will become commonplace in the store of tomorrow. Researchers who have been studying Canadian retail trends also expect that by 1978 Canadians will be buying more by night than by day. They predict that most stores will be shut on Sunday and Monday but open from noon to 10 p.m. for the rest of the week, with an earlier deadline Saturday.

They also foresee the rise of flamboyant price-slashing markets in hangar-type coliseums on city outskirts which will sell everything from pins to pianos, and they forecast that gas stations will install vending machines to sell basic grocery and drug items. Many will also have robot cafeterias serving hot and cold snacks.

Television will let car-happy shoppers drive into special mobile merchandise depots and talk to salesmen over intercoms attached to the windshield-height television sets scattered around the parking area. The driver will be able to view the full stock of any item on the screen. His choice will come out through an underground conveyor to a checkout booth where he'll pay for it.

Television may also become an alternate department store sales technique. In softly lit compartments and accompanied by dreamy music, the lazy shopper will relax in an armchair while pictures of the entire inventory range of any item flash on a life-size color TV screen. The push of a button will activate a conveyor-belt system that will bring the chosen object into the booth for closer inspection.

Department stores will also use television to unmask Junior's most secret Christmas wishes. While he's whispering to Santa Claus, his parents will be able to watch and listen over a remote TV hookup.

These are some of the directions toward which future retailing appears headed. But where it actually arrives will be governed by the desires of tomorrow's customers. As Nathan Steinberg, vice-president of the Steinberg supermarket chain says, "Our stores are large laboratories."

There are many ideas but no definite decisions on how Canadian supermarkets will mechanize their shopping procedures. One scheme envisages the housewife keeping colored computer cards in her kitchen—red for meat, green for vegetables, and so on. To go shopping, she would simply punch out her intended menu on the lists of items on each card. The supermarket attendant would put the customer's cards through a machine and the entire packaged order would emerge from an underground delivery point on the parking lot.

All you do is pick a card

A form of card shopping already operates successfully in Canada. The Canadian Tire Corp., a chain of one hundred and fifty-one auto and sports supply stores, has pioneered this futuristic sales method at its downtown Toronto branch. Its automatic selling with only one human link.

Samples of about four thousand items are mounted on display boards, each with an attached bundle of International Business Machines cards. The customer picks his cards and takes them to the cashier. They're fed into a unit that automatically prints three bills. One copy goes to the store's inventory files. While the customer is paying the total shown on his receipt, the third copy is whisked to the stock room through a pneumatic air chute.

This pink slip is grabbed by a clerk who puts the merchandise into a numbered slot, which the customer, having now paid for his purchase, reaches simultaneously. The speed of the scampering stock clerks was increased by putting them on roller skates and basing their pay on the number of transactions they complete. The average time per sale is forty-five seconds.

The experts agree that retailing will become more and more automated, but many object to the card shopping system which they believe would kill the housewife's profitable urge to buy on impulse.

However, several automatic stores will be opened next year in the U. S. by the Independent Grocers Alliance using an electronic system that eliminates shopping carts. Customers will carry flashlight-size merchandise selectors called "Elmers" which they will fit into slots of enclosed grocery displays, with one sample of each item mounted on a numbered board. The shopper will punch the corresponding number on "Elmer." When the cashier inserts "Elmer" into a calculator it will print a bill and in about a minute the wrapped order will arrive from an overhead stockroom.

An even more revolutionary though less likely innovation is the circular merry-go-round style of store that would allow the shopper to pick out her purchases from the shelves as they rotate around her by stamping her code number on the items she wants.

Goodyear Tire in the U. S. has already built moving sidewalks and is now experimenting with moving supermarket aisles made of broad rubber conveyor belts. A two-hundred-and-twenty-seven-foot moving sidewalk that works on the same principle has already been installed at Jersey City by the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Co.

Whether round or square, mobile or stationary, as long as it can operate at a lower cost than other kinds of outlets, the supermarket will continue to attract more items out of stores dealing in such specialized lines as drugs, clothing, and hardware. The Canadian supermarket today prospers on an average sixteen percent markup. It can cut the price on drug and hardware items sold with a twenty-five percent margin and still show a profit. That's how drugstores took candies away from confectioneries. Now supermarkets are taking toothpaste away from the drugstore, kitchen gadgets from the hardware store and invading the catch-all domain of the dime store.

Canadian supermarkets already do about twelve percent of their volume in non-food items and all have plans for

Here are some of the new gadgets you'll soon be seeing at the stores



Radio-Geiger counter maker *suggests how a typical prospector will look*

No other line of merchandise will feature as many imaginative innovations as the floor samples at tomorrow's appliance dealer. There will be an electronic device for almost every household chore. New gadgets now being developed will revolutionize housekeeping to such an extent that by 1975 today's housewives may find they'll have to attend special courses on how to care for and operate the complicated equipment that will have become part of their homes.

Of the many new appliances being readied for Canada-wide distribution, probably the most comfort-producing is the remote control TV screen for mounting in the bathroom ceiling for a wet but relaxing evening of television in the bathtub. Canadian Aviation Electronics in Montreal has developed a portable radio with a built-in Geiger counter for mentally inclined prospectors. New garbage disposal units soon to be sold in Canada are so efficient that they were initially outlawed in parts of the U. S. Too many husbands found them the ideal instrument for disposing of their murdered wives' bodies.

Cordless kitchen clocks operated by the electronic impulses of the atmosphere and giant fans for attics to supplement air conditioning units are two more imminent additions to the appliance dealer's stock in trade. Electronic ovens that can cook a meal in a few minutes are already being made, and the technological problems of the two-way wrist radio, the ultrasonic dishwasher and the hanging thin-screen TV set have largely been solved.

Housewives who like to gossip while they cook will be able to install hands-free telephones above their kitchen counters. There'll be power-driven pot scrubbers and self-rinsing sinks with foot-operated water taps that deliver water from ice cold to boiling hot. Remote-control serving carts that shuttle between kitchen and dining room will keep the hostess constantly with her guests. Sleepy housewives will be able to cook breakfast from a bedside panel of switches that will turn on the stove, toast bread and even open the door to let the dog out.

Should the appliance dealer of the future find these lines are moving too slowly he can always advertise a special on vest pocket radar sets for the blind, another invention he'll probably be handling. ★



Sunbeam Bread promotion in Canada's biggest coast to coast million-dollar premium



Promotion paysoff, after salesmen's rally on eve of blitz, was a best selling loaf

Now they're even giving away the moon for box tops

The current rash of chain-store premium offers is causing more confusion in Canadian retailing than most recent promotions but the idea of customers giveaways is not a postwar innovation In 1910 Winnipeg's Manitoba Free Press sent each advertiser a free beaver's tooth for Christmas The difference now is that premiums have become an integral part of doing business in many lines.

To them freezy to think up new gimmicks breakfast cereal companies have already given away foreign currency and most of the moon Quaker Oats offered to trade box tops for authentic titles in spain inch of land in the Yukon gold fields. Where they had acquired enough acreage for twenty million swaps

Even such everyday items as bread are now being sold through elaborate promotional blitzes. Garfield Weston's Sunbeam Bread became one of Canada's fastest-selling loaves following a crowd-pulling million-dollar campaign that included sponsorship of "the world's greatest picnic" for a hundred thousand youngsters at the Canadian National Exhibition grounds in Toronto As well as giving away more than half a million comic books, balloons book covers and sewing kits and using all usual advertising media Sunbeam also imprinted its message on three hundred thousand laundry shirtboards

Sunbeam's success portends the dimensions of promotional efforts to come. Marketing experts predict that by 1966 the Canadian retail trade's annual sales-promotion bill will climb to over a billion dollars—more than double the present total ★

increasing this proportion But the supermarket can never displace the department store because expanding into such a wide merchandise range would mean the carrying of so many slow moving items that the supermarket would lose its ability to sell at a low profit margin

Because overlapping inventories are not limited to supermarkets. Canadians will gradually be making fewer shopping stops. Drug hardware and variety stores are selling more and more of one another's lines The latest to join the trend is the jewelry store None has carried scrambled merchandising farther than Kerns Jewelry in Toronto which sells everything from golf clubs and barbecue equipment to pillow slips and socket wrenches Druggists meanwhile predict a greatly expanded emphasis on cameras and stationery departments and may add packaged flowers. By selling these items through self service they claim they'll be able to undersell competitors

Another development in the offing may be an increase in door to door selling. This would counter the continuing spread of self service and re-establish the personal contact between customer and salesmen But rather than calling on one housewife at a time salesmen will organize more cozy more neighborhood demonstration parties The hostess will get a free sample for asking her friends to participate Door to-door business already accounts for at least ten million dollars a year Je Canada Brush Manufacturing Canada Ltd of Simcoe Ont a leader in the field makes its own cloth designs dresses and markets them through five hundred salesmen across Canada It soon plans to branch out into other textiles and lingerie Fuller Brush salesmen — now calling on fifty five thousand Canadian homes a day—also carry cosmetics and will soon be selling vitamins

If Canadian housewives can expect more salesmen of the back door they'll encounter fewer of the supermarkets Here eye-catching displays have been found more effective than clerks because the human element acts as a brake on impulse buying This faith in self-service merchandising is a surprising paradox in this age of labor saving devices. Shoppers are now apparently happy to forego the much greater convenience of being waited upon having the order delivered or just telephoning

Self service seems bound to almost every commodity Ken Malnee Motors Ltd a Long Branch Ont Dodge dealer recently rented Toronto's Mutual Arena for a three-day auto supermarket Customers had their pick of two hundred "special-purchase" cars on display made deals and drove away Trade-ins were sold on the spot to attending used car dealers. Even such staid organizations as the hundred-and-eleven-year old department store Henry Morgan & Co., has used self service exclusively in staging its annual Montreal warehouse sales.

The department store will probably never be completely automated but its parking problem will compel the adoption of speedier shopping methods There will be much more self selection—bundled self-service which will eliminate closed drawers and allow the customer to make his own preliminary choice. helped by explanatory packaging Clerks will act more as consultants these salesmen Purchases will be paid for at quick-service check-out desks

Department stores will keep detailed files on their regular clients buying habits. Major purchases will be by appointment with a trained adviser who has studied photos of the shopper's house and knows her needs. Store representatives will call at the customer's home with the double purpose of making sure she's satisfied and bringing the store's file on her furnishings up to date If a client insists on keeping an old chesterfield too long letters and phone calls will try to lure her back to the store.

By 1976 Canada will probably have three times as many cars as today and rural Canadians will be much more mobile but department stores expect their mail-order business to continue flourishing Instead of writing out orders rural housewives will simply phone self answering recording devices dotted around the countryside Electronic "secreteries" will lift the phone receiver telling mere record telling the caller when her orders will be delivered reminding her of the week's special bargains, thus asking her to read her purchase list Closer to the urban areas however shopping centres will probably continue to make inroads into downtowne department store sales

Shops for sleep walkers?

Parking remains the greatest single headache of the downtown store Before World War II the central shopping district of Canadian cities was accessible to the majority of shoppers mainly by street car Today only three cities retain street cars and all have plans for their abolition The rapid increase of car ownership and replacement of streetcars with buses whose routes are easily changed has helped shopping centres, intercept business that might otherwise go downtown

Shopping centres have led in extending store hours Stores around Los Angeles have reached the ultimate in this trend —they never close and many are permanently removing their doors A recent Gallup Poll of Canada found that sixty nine percent of Canadiens favor eight shopping but even if bylaws are amended to allow a few shops are expected to keep open past 10 p.m.

Faced with all this stiff competition many of the independent retailers have banded into voluntary chains—organizations that enable the independent to retain full store ownership but provide the advantage of quantity discount purchasing plus merchandising aids.

Ottawa housewives have dramatically illustrated their acceptance of the affiliated independent In January 1952 M Loeb & Co the wholesale house that has the Independent Grocers Alliance franchise for the Ottawa Valley began organizing local grocers then weekly sales averaged fifteen hundred dollars The current turnover average of the hundred members is sixty-seven hundred dollars and eight stores each have a weekly volume of more than twenty thousand dollars

Last May Loeb boosted its outlets sales by as much as one hundred and ten percent and made Canadian merchandising history by pasting a billion stamps and introducing Canada's largest trading-stamp plan since 1905 (Stamps were outlawed that year because of racketeers who gave out plenty of stamps but disappeared when customers came to claim their premiums) In IGA's Ottawa plan shoppers get a stamp with every ten cent purchase and paste them in books that hold fifteen hundred stamps each These are redeemable for premiums, ranging from blankets (one book) to electric floor polishers (eighteen books)

Other Ottawa chain stores including Loblaws and Dominion Stores, hit back at the IGA plan with stamp-plus but basically similar premium schemes But they weren't happy about it

Thomas G McCormack president of Dominion Stores, believes that stamps could raise Canadian food bills by two percent and has relied on the trade to "wipe out the trading stamp racket before it becomes a cancerous growth on the Canadian supermarket industry" McCormack and many fellow merchants feel the stamps encourage the sales volume increase necessary to avoid higher food prices when they are adopted by the majority of outlets—an almost inevitable step in today's competitive market place

If then legality is permanently established trading stamp collecting will become the leading hobby of most Canadian housewives In the U S forty million families now paste up booklets of the stamps and even fenced homes are handing them out to bereaved relatives

The small unaffiliated merchant must keep pace with the scale of bought involved in the chains premium battles But he will be able to prosper then experts predict if he whittles his costs mercilessly and shifts toward the discount house operating philosophy

The discount house is no longer a dingy semibasement operation watched over by indifferent dishonest clerks It has become a new selling force upsetting traditional merchandising patterns and is here to stay

Discount selling is based on Canada's massive postwar increase in productive facilities Twenty two Canadian factories turn out refrigerators but G H Gooderham president of the Canadian Council of Electrical Co told the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects that one well-equipped plant could have produced the total Canadian refrigerator production in 1955—and still have operated at fifty percent capacity"

As one weapon against saturating the market retailers claim that appliance manufacturers are turning out new models that tend to outdate their predecessors and have coined the phrase "emotional obsolescence" to describe the process Currently the stress is on colorful appliances with ranges and fridges available in every shade from nutmeg and burgundy to flamingo pink. The idea is to convince the buyer that his present appliance is hopelessly out of date.

Canada's top appliance salesman is C S "Charlie" Lewis, the owner of New Era Home Appliances Ltd of Toronto which sells a million dollars worth of appliances every sixty days Working on an average markup of fourteen percent Lewis claims he can move appliances cheaper because of the great quantity discounts his sales volume affords him Recently he bought the entire factory output of one Inglis washing machine model In another typical deal he paid $5 50 for each of eight thousand irons and toasters and sold them at $6 95 although the manufacturer's suggested list price was $9 95 He writes his own full page newspaper ads often including a picture of himself Doing business without advertising" he says, "is like winking at a girl in the dark You know what you're doing but nobody else does."

Larry Binkowsky head of Bestway another chain of Ontario price-cutting appliance stores claims his branches turn over their stock almost once a month working on slightly more than a one-per cent net margin One of Binkowsky's most successful promotions was a continuous seventy seven hour sale The most enthusiastic customers were a young couple who had become engaged that night and wandered in at 3 a m to stock their future kitchen A similar marathon staged by the London Furniture Co was acted by a local disk jockey dressed in and nightshirt who broadcast each sale from the store's show window

It is doubtful if marathons of this kind will be adopted as a future sales technique But the new retailing revolution will blast many of today's traditional selling methods, wrenching the industry through more radical changes than the evolution of the supermarket from the trading post of colonial days

Canadian retailers may even harness weapons of mass destruction to the approaching hurly burly of trying to sell more goods more efficiently F W Redcliffe general manager of the Radio-Electronic-Television Manufacturers Association of Canada predicts that specially filled peaceful versions of the death dealing intercontinental guided missile will be used to bring orchids from Hawaii —two hours after they're picked—for heading out to third-day shoppers at future store openings. Shoplifters on hand at such openings may be trapped by atomic power for there is a method by which radioactivated ink can be used for marking prices on merchandise When this is done, Geiger counters mounted out of sight around the store exits will set off jangling alarms if they spot the extra helge under the shopper's dress, as a can of beans she is trying to sneak out

There is in short no end to the ingenuity being displayed in the great retailing revolution ★



Backstage at Ottawa continued from page 8

"Co-operation could be profitable if the CCF and Tories want to beat the Grits at all costs"

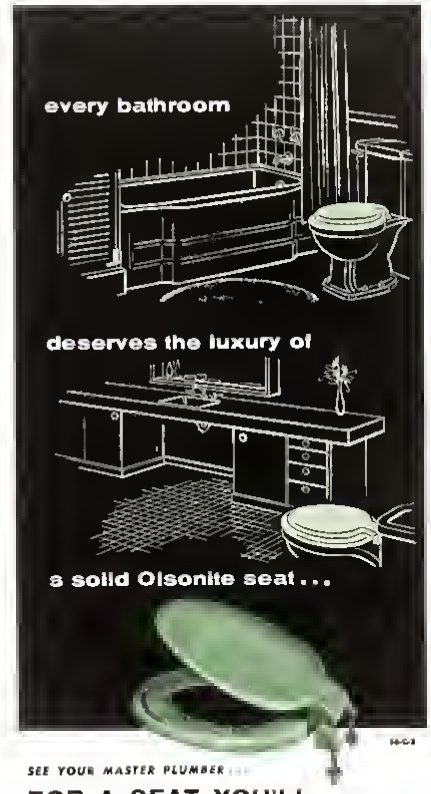
tenously In 1949 they voted Liberal in droves after George Drew's vigorous campaign scared them with the spectre of a Tory government in office If they ever lose their relative preference for the Liberals, they'll do the opposite

They such development could be a serious calamity for the Grits

In Ontario alone there are twenty one seats where a third party vote in 1953 was larger than the voting edge by which the Liberals won In two of these —both running cores—the runner up was the CCF (candidate if the Conservatives were to pull their punches next time the CCF might have three Ontario seats instead of one On its side the CCF ran third in nineteen seats where its vote would have been more than enough to elect the Conservatives, though in none of these did the CCF mee have a chance to win. Co-operation here could be enormously profitable to both parties if both should decide they want to beat the Liberals at all costs

The situation in the Maritimes is somewhat similar Here the CCF has only one seat that of Clarie Gillis in Cape Breton South, and even that one is vulnerable to Liberal chunk if the Conservatives run a strong candidate to split the opposition vote In 1953 knowing they had no chance to win themselves, the Tories ran a halfhearted campaign in Gillis riding They might ask a price for doing the same thing again

It is a piece the CCF could easily pay—always assuming that they really want the Liberals beaten There isn't another seat in the Atlantic provinces where they have the slightest hope of winning, but there are several where their handful of votes might tip the scale one way or the other If the CCF would



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Mailbag

What's the best way to raise children?

As I read the discussion on How Should We Bring Up Our Next Child? (July 21) I learned several things: it is okay to swear in front of children and tell dirty stories. Bunkering between parent and children's hearing is abandoned. If you are a drinking parent by all means do it where the children can see you. Whatever your impulses, habits and vices it is okay to display them before children.

Can we wonder that juvenile delinquency has become a problem?

ALLEN ROY EVANS, VANCOUVER.

● At parents of four children under twelve, my husband and I read the panel discussion with interest. But all appreciation was spoiled by the experts' superficial attitude to the most important question of all — religious training. Eleven year-old Jill displays a wisdom far above any shown by the experts in her indignation over the fact her parents have no plan for her religious development. — GENEVIEVE CARNER, TORONTO.

● The Frayne children showed far more sense than the so-called experts. — MRS. S. CRUMP, REDWATER, ALTA.

When wheat wasn't obsolete

I was dismayed to read Blair Fraser's Is Wheat Obsolete? (April 28). At that time in this town elevator spouts were hissing wheat into boxcars and the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix reported that hundred cars of grain a day were pouring into the Lakehead.



After reading Fraser's Backstage at Ottawa account of the pipeline affair, How the Grit Power Play Backfired (July 7) I am puzzled no longer. With Drew at the helm, assisted by Coldwell, it might be well to prepare for a period like 1930-34. Wheat wasn't obsolete then if you had it you could sell my amount for thirty cents a bushel. — M. C. MCGREGOR, HANLEY, SASK.

A new light on C. D. Howe

Your article on C. D. Howe, What You Don't Know About Howe (July 21) gives an angle on his character I had failed to remember. The policy of Prof. Geo. F. Swain, head of the department of civil engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology which Howe attended was "Do as I say or else," with no consideration for the opinion of others. Howe has followed this to the full. — CHARLES L. BATES, VANCOUVER.

● Don't tell us what we don't know about Howe. Tell us what Howe doesn't know about himself. — EDWARD W. GREEN, SAINT ALTA.

Two views of June Callwood



How could you? That photograph of June Callwood with her article, Let's End the Battle of the Sexes (July 7) is atrocious. June is a gorgeous girl and you should print a photograph to do her justice. — BERTHA SHYMAR, TORONTO.

Does pampering breed hoodlums?

Hugh MacLennan is very naïve in his article, It pays To Pamper our Children (July 21). "Let nobody be misled by the antics of some teen-agers," he says. "there are far fewer delinquents than there were." This is open to serious doubt. There can be no question that today's teen-age hoodlums are far more vicious. A few months ago a bunch of rowdies in our city knocked down a citizen on the street. They mercilessly beat and kicked him, presumably for the thrill of it. No he wasn't killed—some of the girls in the gang started to scream and by standing interfered. — P. S. KEPPER, REGINA.

● There is some dangerous nonsense in what MacLennan writes. For instance, "This new generation ... understands that there is no virtue in toughness because the purpose of toughness was to breed a race of warriors. This is false. For one thing if it were true the warriors bred by our tough forebears would be among us yet. Look around and see if you can spot them. — W. H. S. MACKLIN, OTTAWA.

● Your article helped my fourteen year-old son and myself to understand one another as we never have before. — MRS. ELEANOR GREEN, PERTH ROAD, ONT. ★

stay out of such close fights as Pictou and Colchester-Hants in Nova Scotia, York-Sunbury in New Brunswick and Prince in P.E.I. Liberal defeats would be much more likely.

One west coast denouncement, even if they were contemplating in Saskatchewan, the Conservatives cannot bargain to run weak candidates, for the first time they haven't any other kind. Moreover in Saskatchewan as well as in Alberta and B.C. Social Credit is a threat that is equally feared and detested by all the other parties.

Death or no deals it is very difficult to see how Conservatives could win a majority in the next election. It is not so difficult to imagine a minority with no party having an overall majority. In that event another change of heart in the CCF will become important.

A few weeks before the 1945 election, just at the end of the war, I asked a leading CCF member what his party would do if no party won a majority. (Which nearly happened, you may remember.)

We wouldn't enter any coalition government," he answered, "but if the alternative were to see the Tories in power we'd have to support the Liberals. We'd keep the Tories out at all costs."

Last month I put the same question again to the same man.

"We would feel morally bound to vote against the government on a no-confidence motion if they were in a minority," he said. "And feel they no longer had a mandate to carry on."

If that prediction is accurate it would mean a run-off election. In a run-off election, even if Prime Minister St. Laurent were still able to lead his party the odds would be quite different.

Conservatives even against St. Laurent Liberals, could expect to do considerably better in Quebec.

It is a commonplace that any party forming a government must have support in Quebec. The converse, though less commonplace, is no less true. Quebec cannot afford to be left out of any party which seems headed for power. When the Conservative chariot ceases to look like a hearse and begins to look like a band wagon, Quebec will make room to have some people on it.

* * *

Meanwhile the Conservatives are even more preoccupied with a different aspect of the same general subject.

Will they oust Leader Frost and his provincial Conservatives?

Before the pipeline fight as reported in this column some months ago federal Conservatives were quite hopeful that their political relatives in Ontario would come to their assistance in the 1957 campaign. Then came the great debate and the memorable and somewhat gratuitous statements from Premier Frost that the pipeline was a great national project in which Ottawa was of the essence—in other words that the Liberals were right and the Conservatives wrong. Ottawa Tories regarded this as a treacherous betrayal.

Then in July came the famous reconciliation luncheon, at which Premier Frost and Opposition Leader George Drew again sat down together and at which Frost was reported to have pledged his full co-operation against the Liberals next year. Drew promptly denied that the luncheon had any special significance. Frost said "No denial is necessary."

One reason for the confusion, of course is the fact that neither side publicly admits any estrangement either before or during the pipeline debate. Both say in effect "We're all Conservatives together—what more natural than that we should have each other to lunch?"

Privately they make no secret of their differences. Ontario Attorney General Dana Porter has been especially frank, over the years, in explaining to federal Tories why the Frost government doesn't want to be seen in their company too often. Ontario provincial government has a unifying appeal: he would explain, gathering Catholic and Protestant, French and English, federal Liberal and federal Conservative all into one sheepfold, and it just wouldn't afford to mix in nasty partisan politics. Premier Frost has been less explicit, but he also has indicated that his government has to live with the Ottawa Liberals and has no wish to jeopardize this good relationship. As a result, he and his men have taken no more than the barest token part in the last two federal elections.

What fused Conservative hopes that things might now be different was the bitterness last fall and since, of Frost's hostility to Ottawa's new tax-sharing proposals. (He also said at the time that he didn't like C. D. Howe's pipeline project either, but inferences from that statement turned out to be wrong.) When the tax dust came up for debate in July Frost came to Ottawa to register a last minute protest.

That was when he asked the federal group to lunch. Drew was the most distinguished guest, but others included Don Fleming, Roland Michener and John Hamilton of Toronto; Gordon Churchill of Winnipeg, Tom Bell of Saint John, N.B., and Leon Balcer of Three Rivers, Que., who is national president of the Progressive Conservative Association.

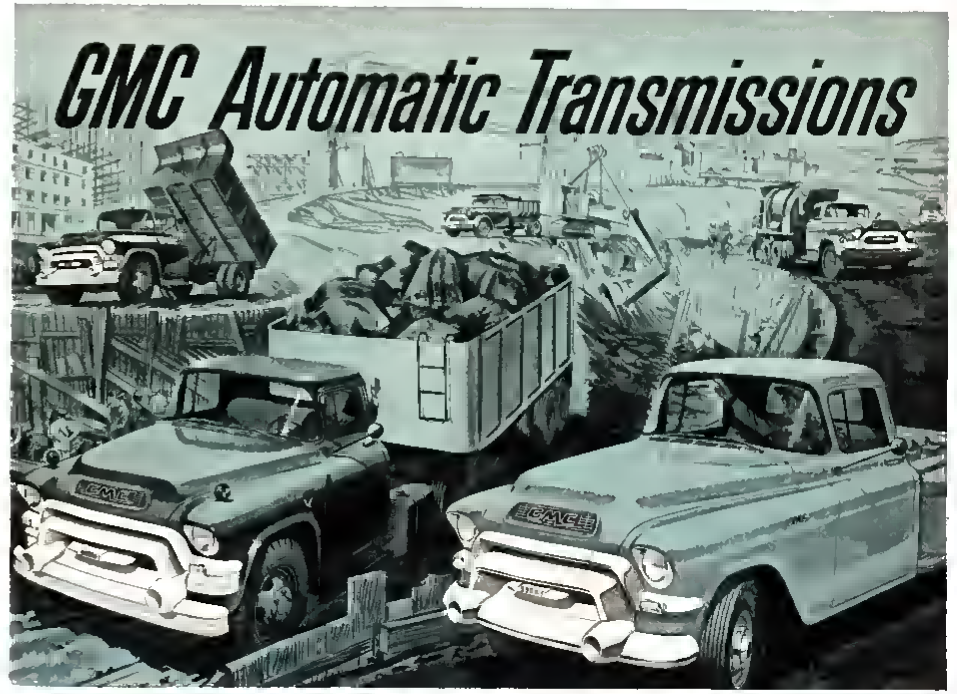
Even the people who attended the luncheon came away with widely varying impressions of what had been said. Premier Frost spoke at considerable length, mostly about dominion-provincial relations and the iniquity of the new tax proposals which he thinks inflate to Ontario.

After he finished John Hamilton, the young war veteran who won the late Rodney Adamson's seat in York West two years ago, asked a question that was in many people's minds: if the Ottawa group banked Frost and fought against the tax sharing plan, for some Conservative MPs hoped it would not die, could they count on Frost's support to the end? Would he go down with them, guns blazing and flag nailed to the mast? Or would they find themselves as they had in the pipeline affair, reading in the newspapers that the premier of Ontario had accepted the Liberal case?

Never said Frost. They could count on him absolutely. He would fight to the end, and in attacking the Liberal tax plan the federal Tories would count on his unqualified support.

Of course a great deal more was said and there were many conversations as well as the formal speech. Some of the luncheon guests came away convinced that Frost had promised full co-operation in smiting the Liberals hip and thigh whenever and wherever opportunity offered. Others thought he had done no more than ask and affirm support in trying to block the tax sharing plan.

Most interesting, of all perhaps, was the reaction of this latter group to the luncheon itself. Although they insisted that no commitments had been made they were, no less emphatic in proclaiming that the luncheon meeting represented a great step forward. Evidently Conservative ambitions toward party solidarity are still remarkably modest. ★



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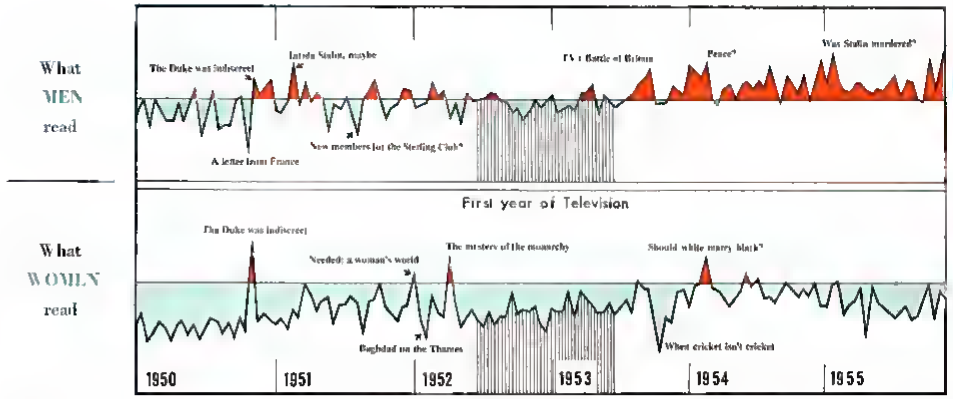
In the editors' confidence

Taking Baxter's pulse



For some time we've been conducting a series of interviews to discover what impact TV has made on our readers. Well as you might expect, it turns out that people who've just bought a TV set read less of the magazine than people who haven't got one at all. But after about a year of TV ownership interest increases again and in some cases exceeds that of non-TV owners.

Another piece of evidence in our continuing survey of readership trends is shown below. The chart notes the varying degrees of interest over six years in Beverley Baxter's London Letter. Readership, you'll note, especially for men, has been steadily increasing. The red peaks show columns read by more than half the readers interviewed; the blue valleys, less than half. We've plucked a few topics to demonstrate that women would rather read about royalty than cricket and men like more fascinated by Stalin than by international finance.







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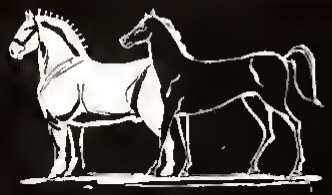
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Remember your first ride in a tunnel?

Travel is broadening and if you take the youngsters along their reactions are likely to range from elevating to flattening. A four-year-old Calgary girl this summer experienced her first train ride through a tunnel (a short one) looked blankly puzzled as the sunlight burst upon her again, then exclaimed "Mommy—did we all close our eyes?"

And a four-year-old Toronto boy urged to tell grandad all about his first trip to Niagara Falls, declared excitedly "Well, there was a place where water came out and I leaned over and had a drink."

* * *

Stern warning posted on the front page of the local paper in Galahad Alta.:

Notice to the parents of Galahad Children at the station during train time have been observed standing between tracks on near edge of platform throwing stinks stones and snowballs at equipment bounding coaches while train is leaving walking across the tracks and rumbling grain door pins while engine is switching crawling under cars etc. Such behavior is not conducive to longevity Parents should explain to their children the advantages of reaching the old age pension with two arms two legs and one head — CNR Agent Galahad Alta

* * *

A late-summer love may be nipped by unseasonable frost as witness the fate of the young fellow in Port Alberni who got fixed up with a blind date for a big dance. He went to the florist and asked for the cheapest corsage in the shop, then discovered that evening his date was the pretty girl from the flower shop.

* * *

It was one of those simmering summer Sundays in Redditt, Ont., when only a few of the faithful were gathered to worship in the local Anglican church. The minister was intoning the Ten Commandments and had just come to "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy," when his voice was almost drowned out by a power lawn mower roaring through the open window at one side of the church and a power saw on the other.

We hadn't spotted a "spry little old lady" for a long time until an alert Parade scout in Winnipeg spotted this one. When observed the spry little old lady was making a block-long sprint for a bus and the bus started to pull away just as she reached the third window from the back. She looked like this had happened before and that she knew it would do no good to bang on the window. So the



slim dunked in behind the bus pulled the trolleys off the wires and as the driver resignedly and unsuspectingly climbed off the bus to replace them she innocently climbed on.

* * *

Once again we spent the wedding-bell season poring romantically over the matrimonial notices and have finally decided on our favorite... from down Cape Breton way which began "A quick but pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Ninian's Cathedral Antigonish."

* * *

This was one of those incidents of metropolitan life that drive innocent bystanders crazy with curiosity so someone in the know has kindly supplied us with full details. We're talking about the other afternoon on Bayview Ave. in northeastern Toronto when a big Buick driven by a small blonde rammed into the rear end of a small Hillman driven by a large middle-aged officer.

There was a loud and sickening crash a moment of silence during which the dust settled. Then the RCAF type climbed out of his mangled Hillman strode back to the Buick took the blonde's face in his hands and stared long and hard. Then shaking his head sadly he walked back to the Hillman and drove away.

The blonde was the guy's wife. The damages as it turned out totalled $160. He didn't know that then but he did know that whatever the damages you can't collect a cent of insurance if your wife bangs into you driving a car registered in your name. And that's no good on argument as we know against having two cars in the family.



Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Ever watch a forest die?

No? Well I have. It started two days ago. Seems like two years. "Big fire over the ridge" they told me. "Everybody's needed."

So I've been fighting it for forty-eight hours. Sweating and choking in the smoke till my eyes and lungs feel burnt out. Didn't have enough to eat in that time. Don't know as I'm hungry right now though. I'm just plain tired.

The paper'll talk about a million dollar loss. But what it won't tell you won't see the red hell that turned big trees into living torches. You won't hear the roar of it or know the black discouragement of falling back, defeated time after time.

What am I thinking about besides my aches and pains. Well I remember a lucky deer that raced past a hour and her two cubs that got away. And the scorched young trees that would have been forest again in a day. Then I think of the bugs on the big old ivy bulldozers rumbling through brush and trees and blinding smoke to cut the fire break along the ridge. That's what finally licked it.

Last of all I think of you. Was it you who dropped the match? You who tossed the cigarette out the car window. Or left the campfire smoldering. If it was I wish you'd learn here with me in the forest that

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